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Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty-third day of June, in the forty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1820. Anthony P. Heinrich, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the Title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, to wit:

"The Western Minstrel. A Collection of Original Moral, Patriotic and Sentimental Songs, for the Voice and Piano Forte. Interspersed with Airs, Waltzes, &c. Composed, and respectfully dedicated to the Citizens of Philadelphia, by A. P. Heinrich. Opera Seconda."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intituled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned."—And also to the Act, entitled, "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned," and extending the Benefits thereof to the Arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other Prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

SACRED MELODY.

From "New England and other poems,"

By W. B. Tappan.

There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a tear for souls distrest,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above, in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose, in heaven.

There is a home for weeping souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tost on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—'tis heaven!

There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom
And joys supreme are given,
There rays divine disperse the gloom,
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven!

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TO THE

Citizens of Philadelphia

BY

A. P. HEINRICH.

No. 1

OPERA SECONDA.

Pr. 50.

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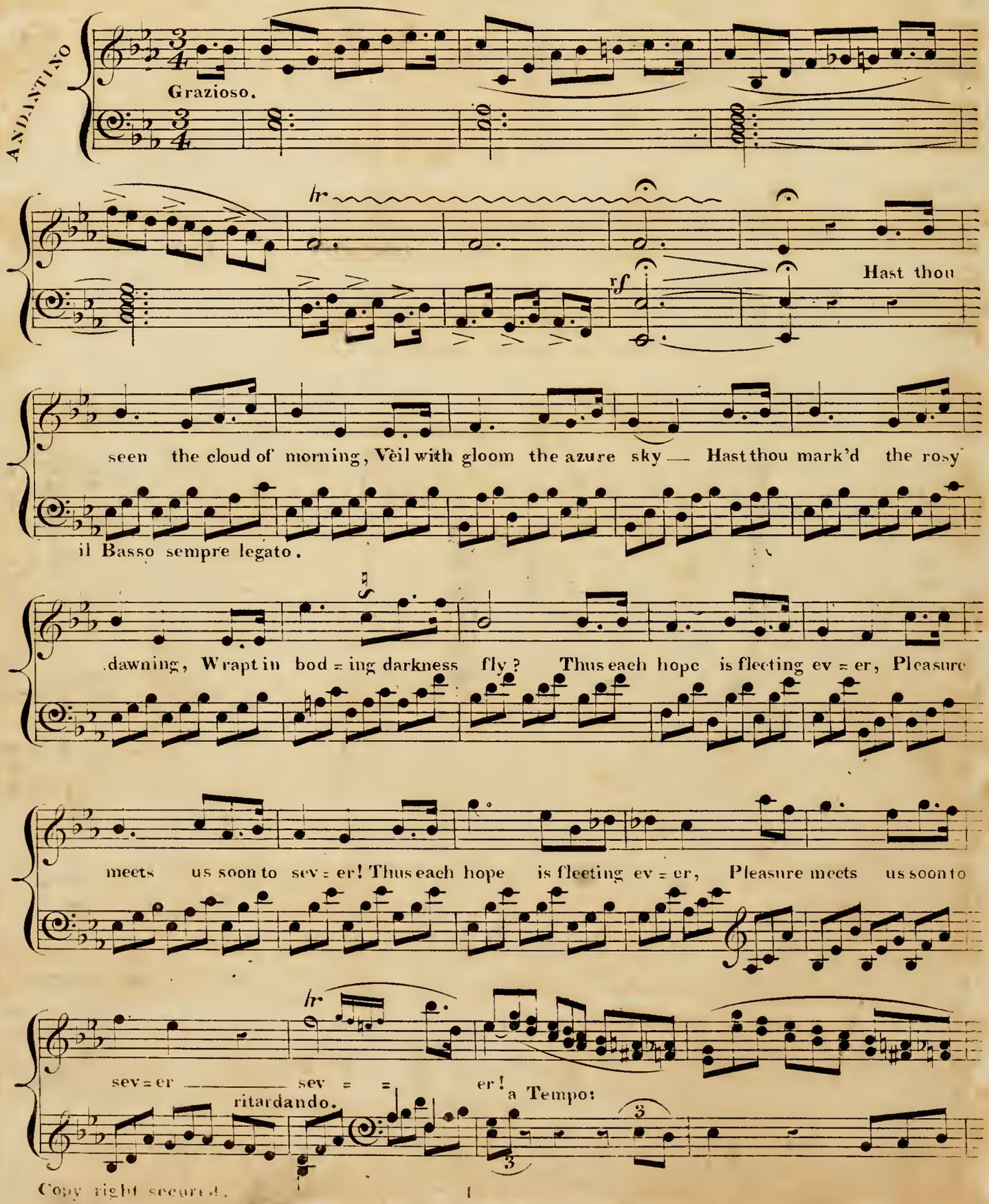
PHILADELPHIA, PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY BACON & CO.

MUSIC SELLERS, 11. SOUTH FOURTH STREET.

784.3
H364w

HAST THOU SEEN!

FROM "SONGS OF JUDAH," BY W. B. TAPPAN.



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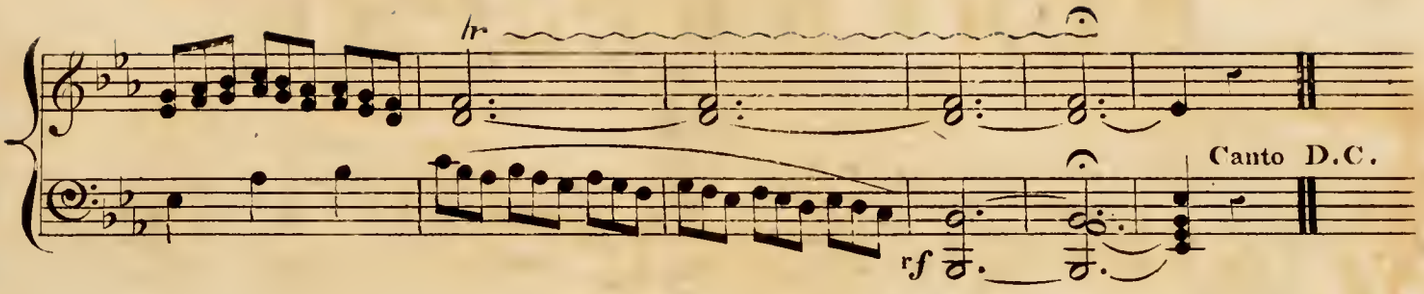
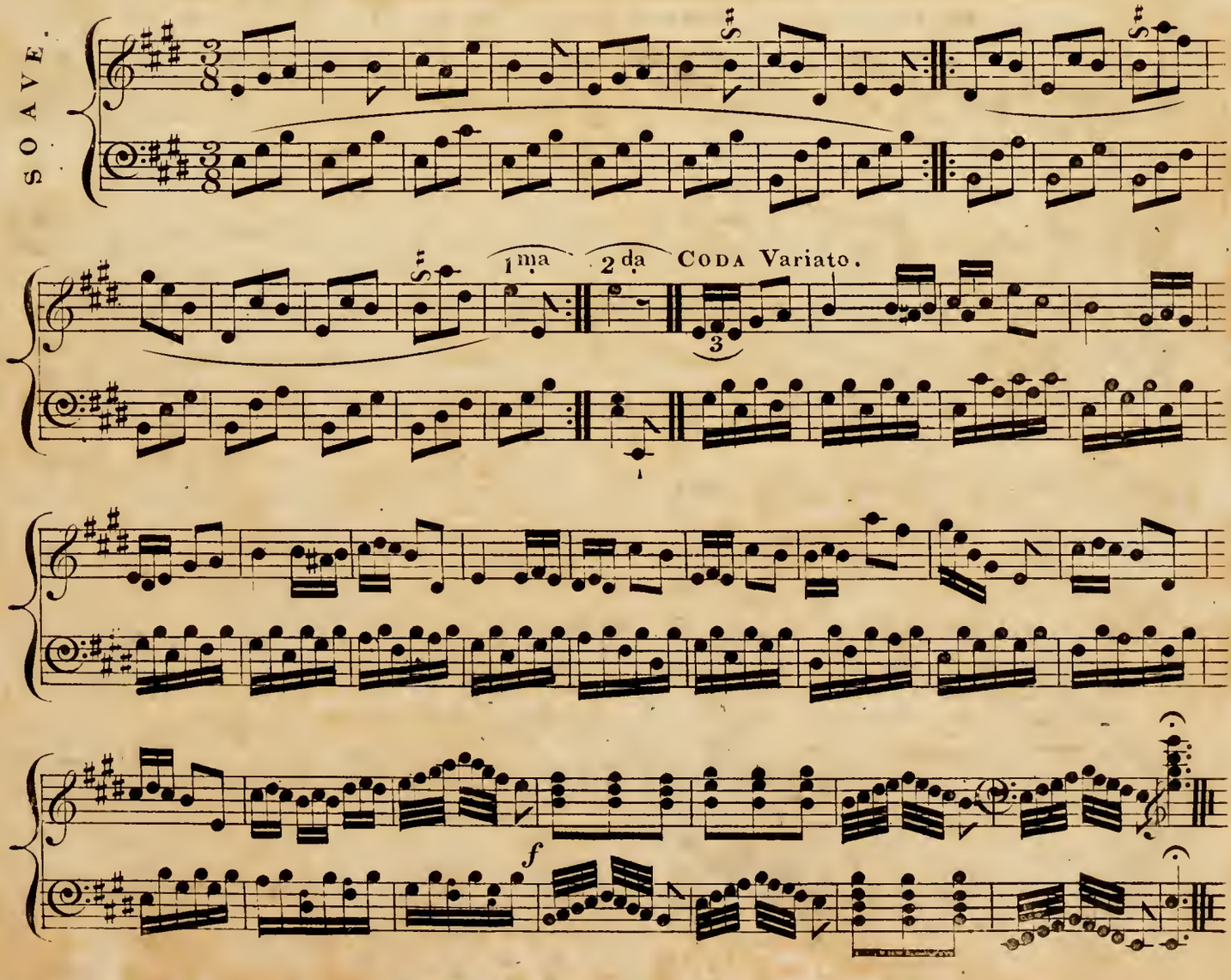


2

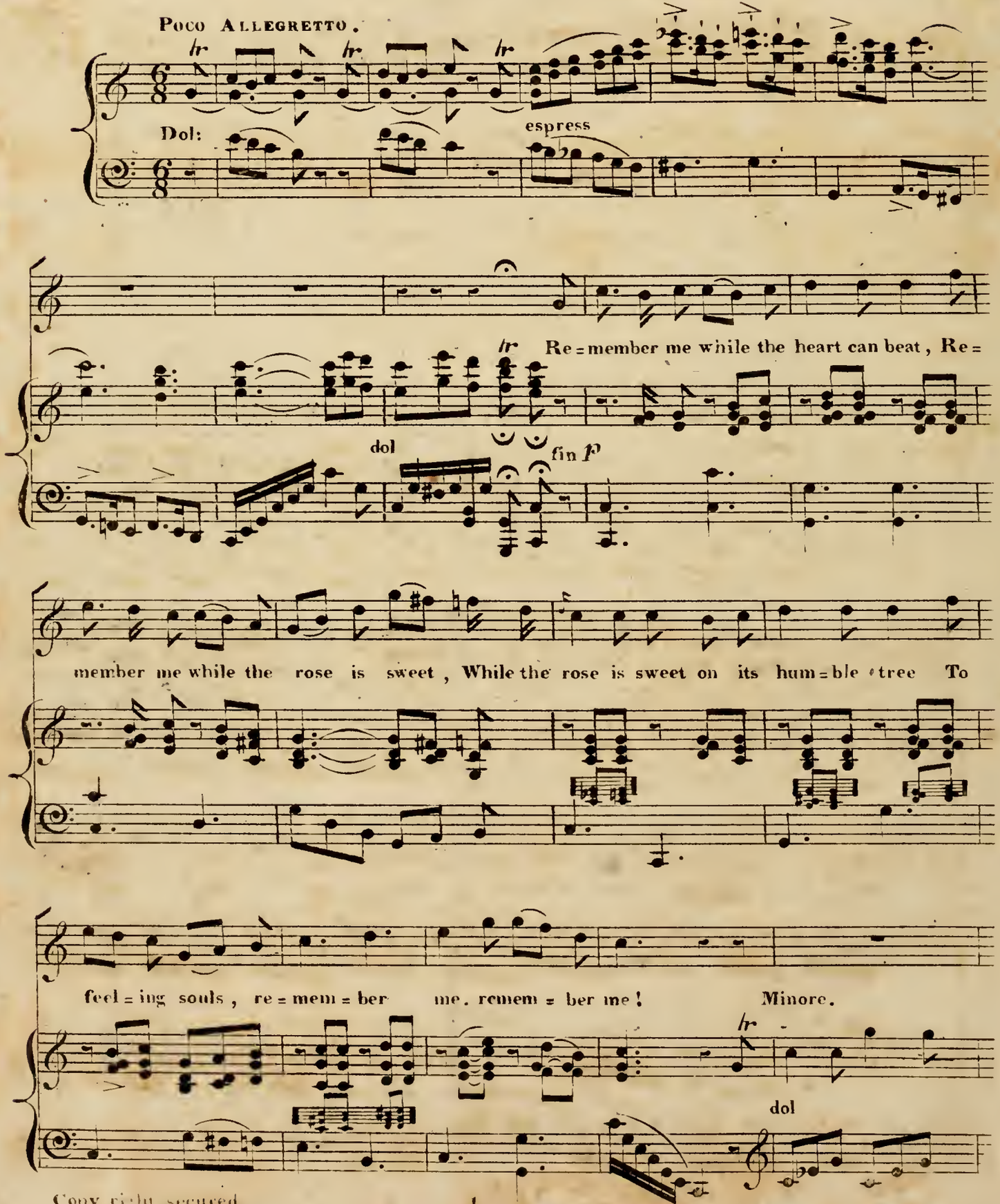
Hast thou seen — the tempest over —
Radiant suns again illume;
Threatening storms no longer hover,
Nature bud with fresher bloom?
Thus, through darkest clouds of even,
Smiles the opening dawn of heaven!

PHILADELPHIA WALTZ. An extract from the "Visit to Philadelphia."



REMEMBER ME!

POETRY BY H.C.LEWIS.



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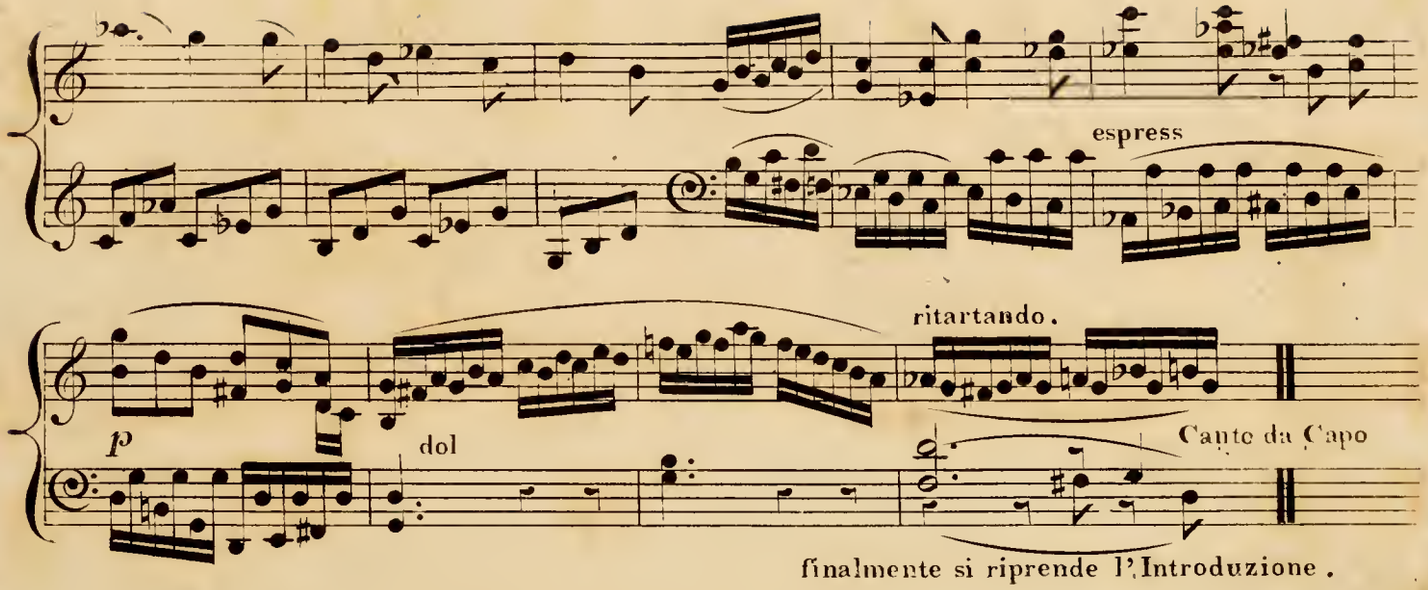


2

Remember me, while a nerve can feel
The thorns which spring from a heart of steel:
While a heart of steel is a thorny tree
Without a flow'r, remember me!

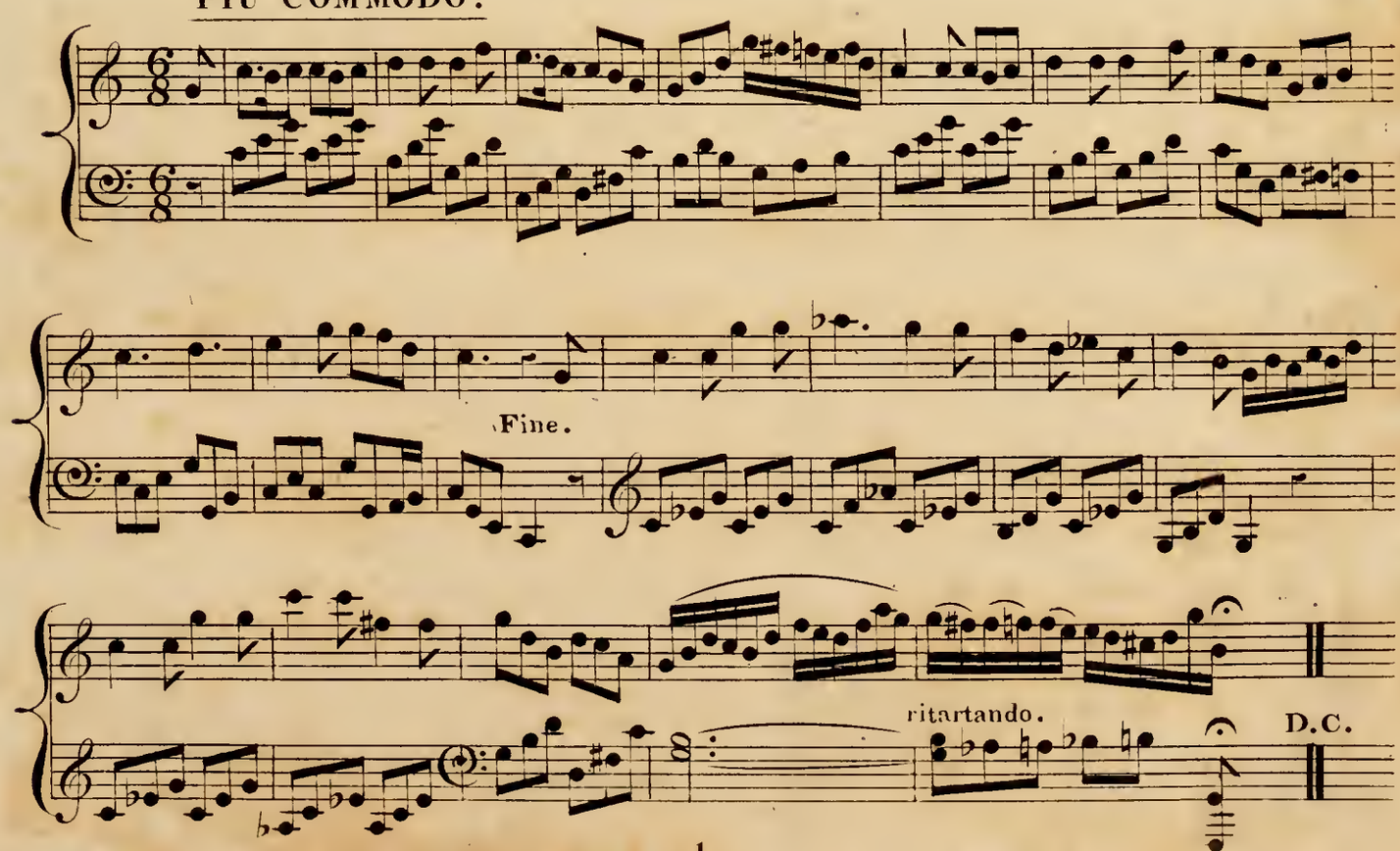
3

Remember me, while the smile of eyes
Can raise the soul to the bliss of skies:
While the bliss of skies, to misery
Is turn'd by frowns, remember me!

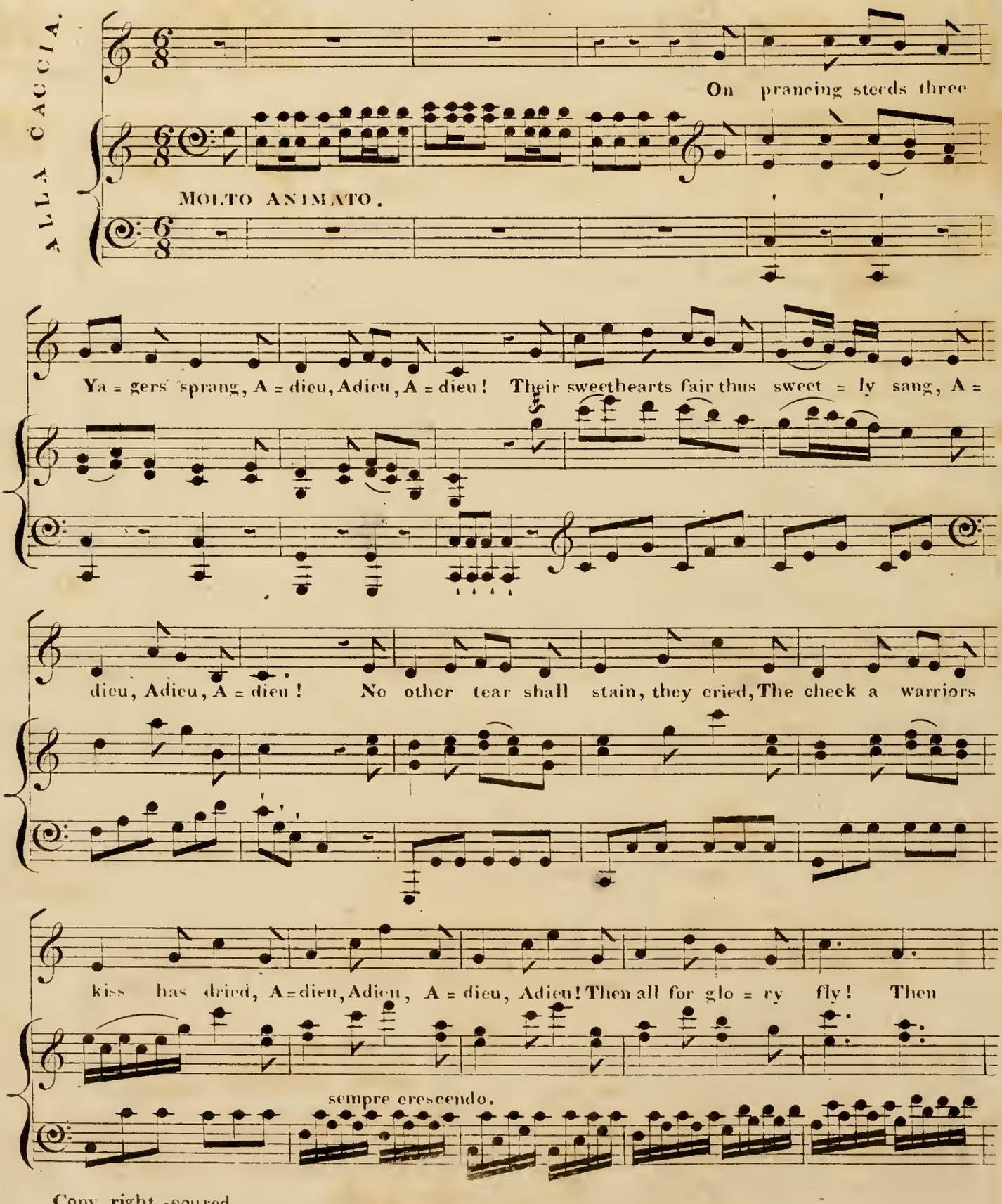
4

Remember me, while the willow weeps,
In night dew tears, where the lover sleeps:
While the willow weeps, for his agony,
Around his grave, remember me!

PIU COMMODO.



The Page's Adieu!



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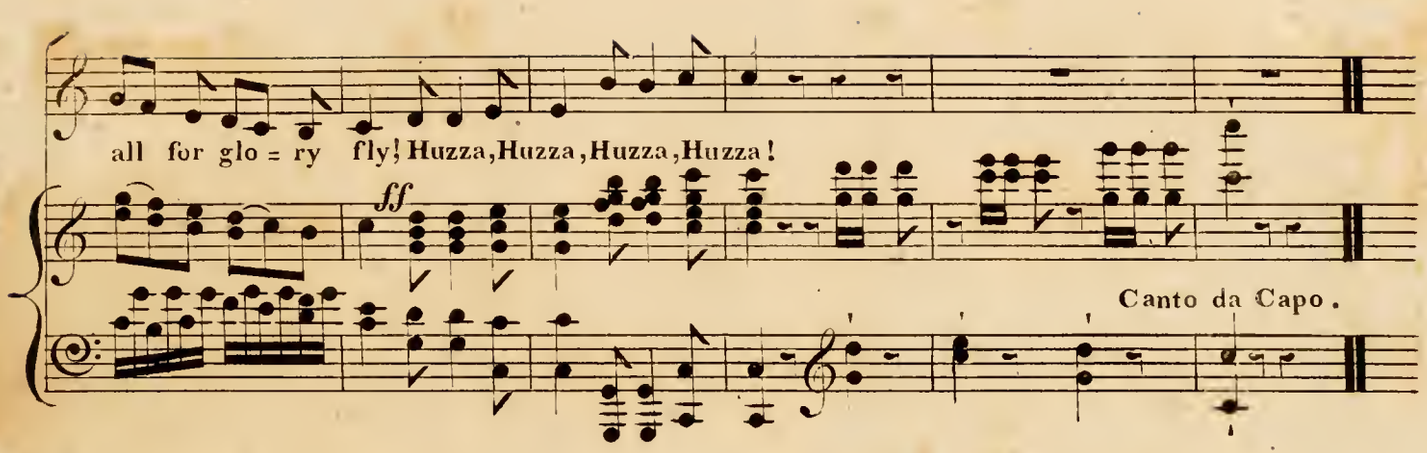

2

A thousand more are on the field,
Adieu, &c.
With martial sounds the skies are fill'd,
Adieu, &c.
Then where is he so mean and shy,
In woman's arms would trembling lie,
Adieu, &c.
When all for glory fly!
Huzza! &c.

3

And where, young warrior dost thou fly?
Adieu, &c
With dauntless brow and eagle eye,
Adieu, &c
To meet the foe that fiercely comes,
To spoil our fields and sacred homes,
Adieu, &c
I too for glory fly!
Huzza! &c

4

Our Country calls — the Yager hears,
Adieu, &c.
We give her hope, and calm her fears,
Adieu, &c.
Then for the foe — and leave behind,
On its bleak sides the mountain wind,
Adieu, &c.
When we for glory fly!
Huzza! &c

5

Where cannons dread their lightnings flash,
Adieu, &c.
And sword meets sword in fearful crash,
Adieu, &c.
The Yager there still spurs his steed,
Whilst 'neath his hoof the foe doth bleed,
Adieu, &c.
For we to glory fly!
Huzza! &c.

6

But now we pant for war's alarms,
Adieu, &c
To Love, and Beauty's twining arms
Adieu, &c
We go — but in the dreadful fight,
For us, dark dangers path you'll light,
Adieu, &c
For all to glory fly!
Huzza! &c

Note — At the request of many of his friends, the Author publishes this Song in its present form: He regrets that the limits of the present Work, would not allow the Original Embellishments, and the German Poetry; for which he refers to "The Dawning of Music" — The foregoing translation is from the pen of his esteemed friend, P. Grayson Esq. of Bardstown, Ky.

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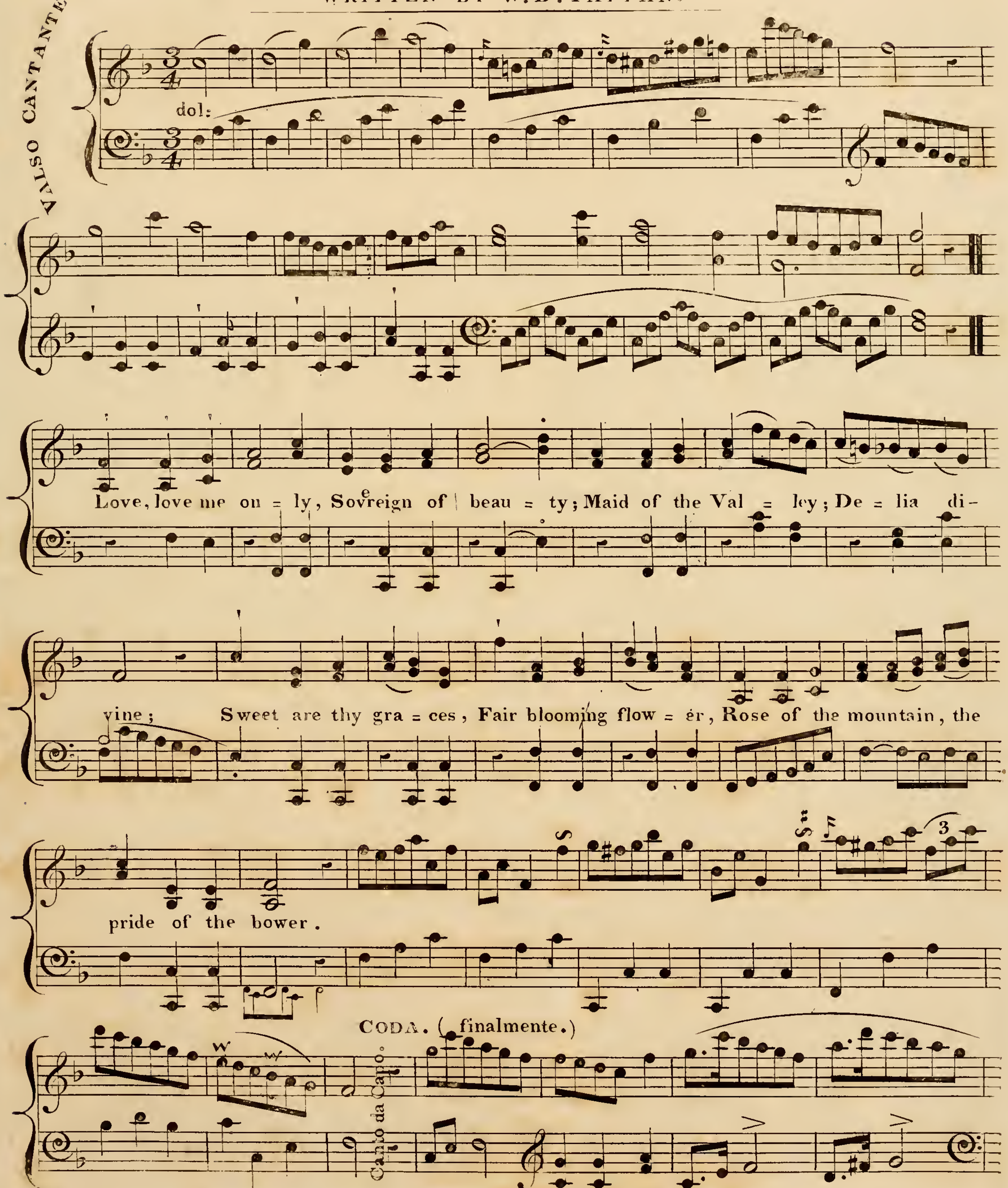
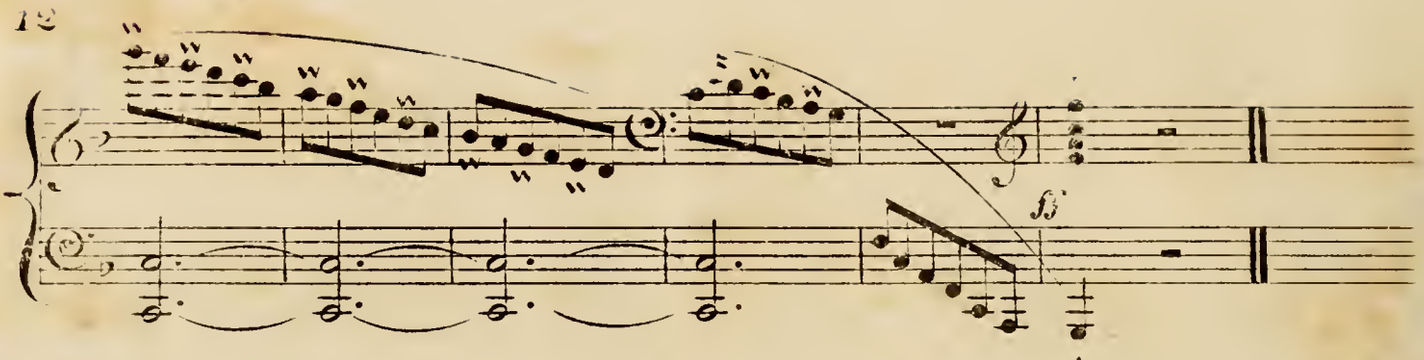
MUSIC SELLERS, 11. SOUTH FOURTH STREET.

Maid of the Valley.

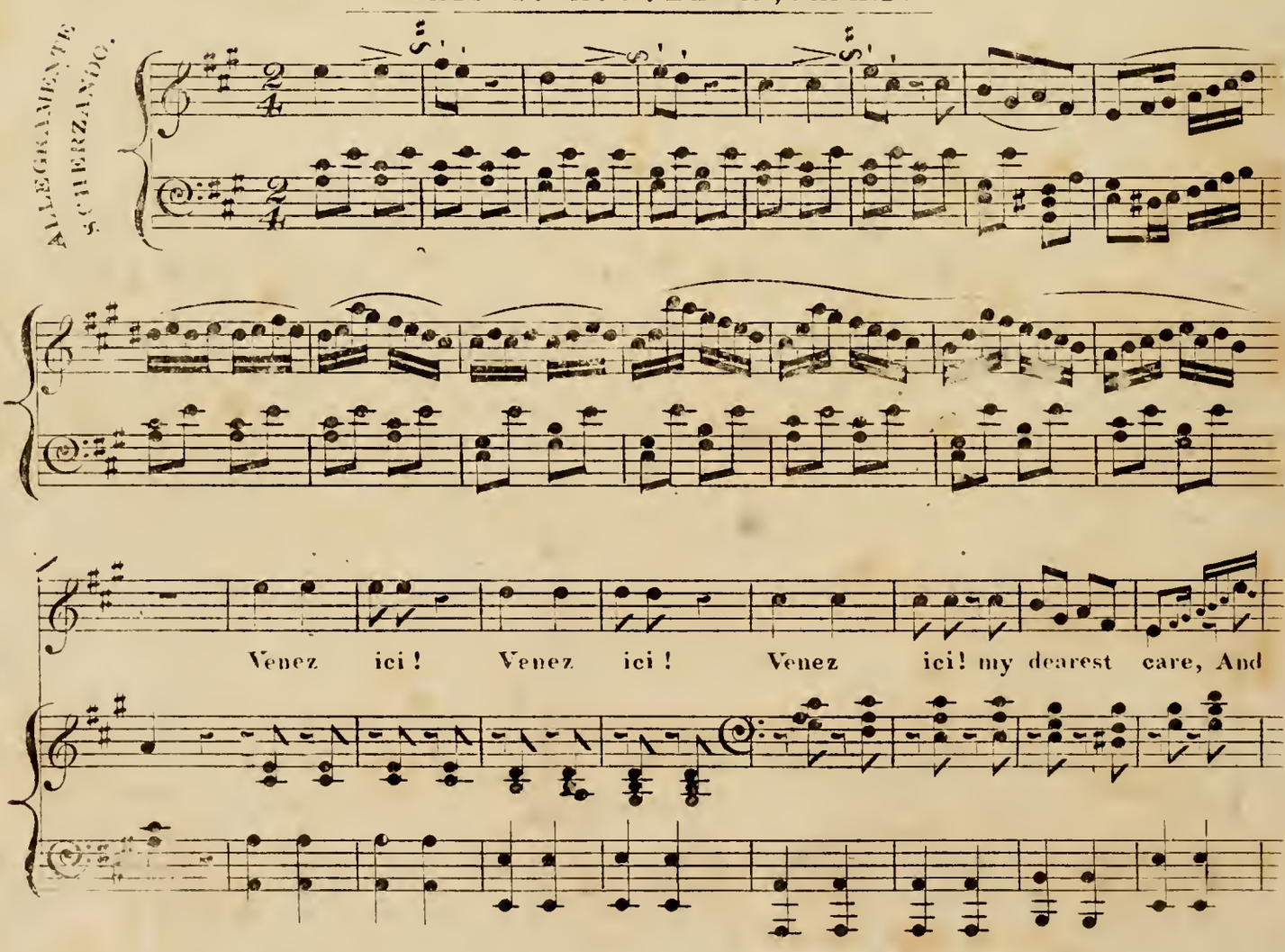
WRITTEN BY W.B.TAPPAN.



2

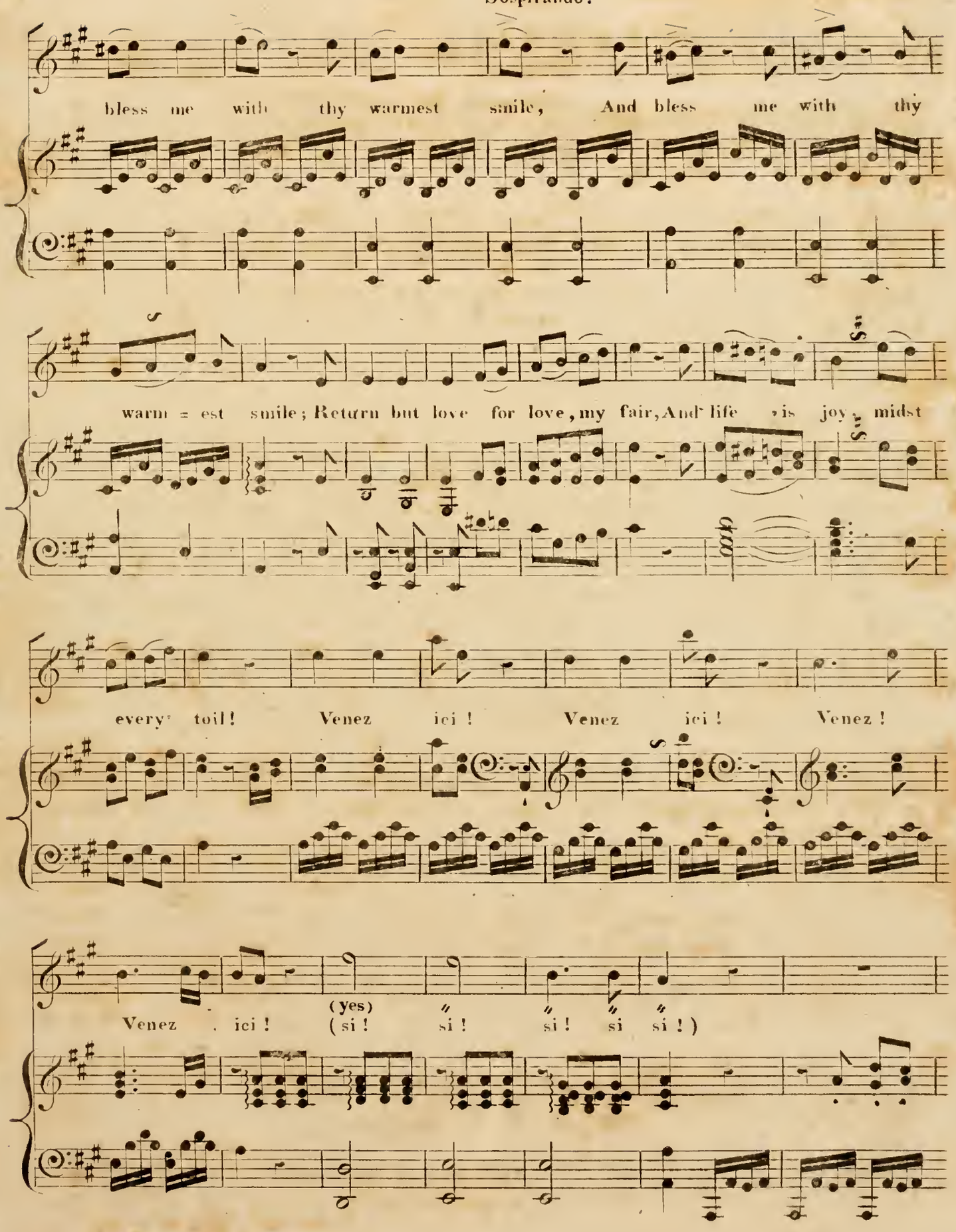
I am thine only,
O how sincerely!
True to thee, dearest, will I remain;
When far away,
A stranger I wander,
Thoughts of my charmer will glad me again!

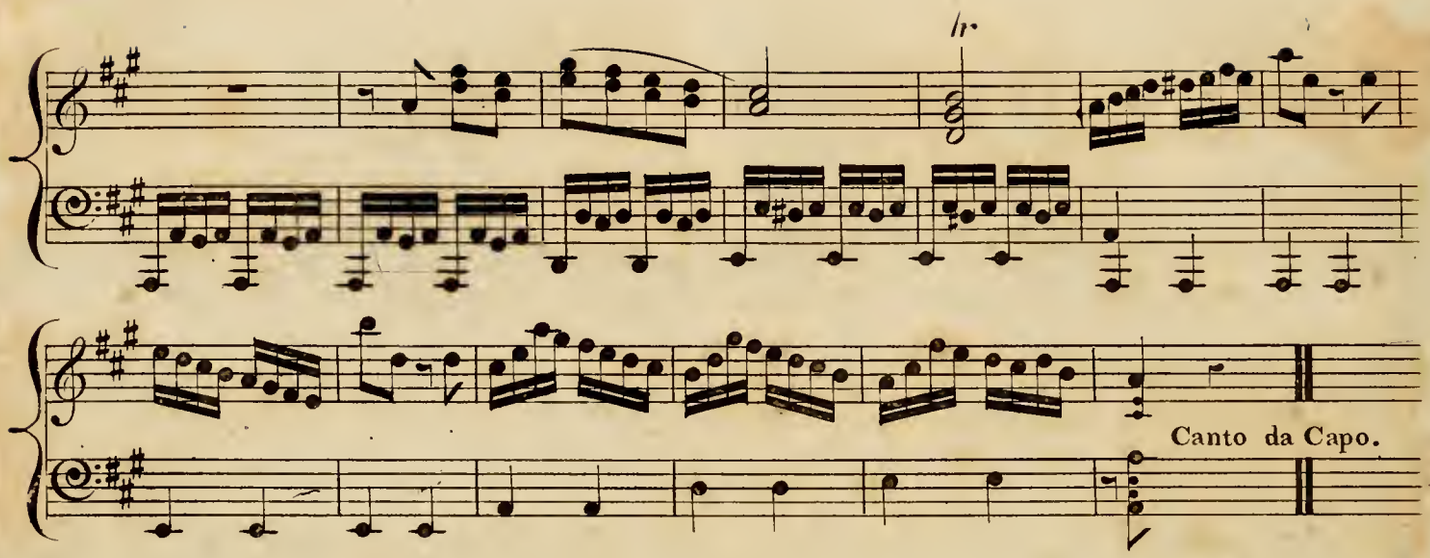
VENEZ ICI!

WORDS BY H. C. LEWIS, PHILAD.



Sospirando.


bless me with thy warmest smile, And bless me with thy
warm = est smile; Return but love for love, my fair, And life is joy midst
every toil! Venez ici ! Venez ici ! Venez !
Venez ici !
(yes)
(si ! si ! si ! si si !)



2

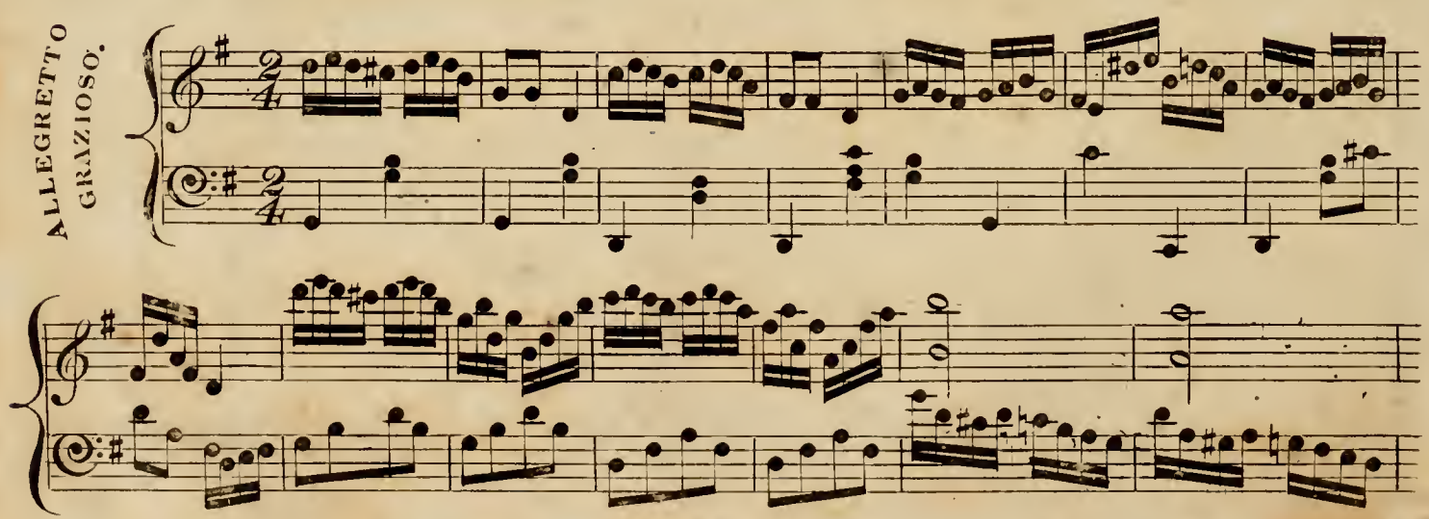
Venez ici !
Venez ici !
Venez ici ! Be not so coy —
Fear not — I could not do thee harm !
Trust me, my love, thy every joy
I'll guard as safe as every charm !
Venez ici !

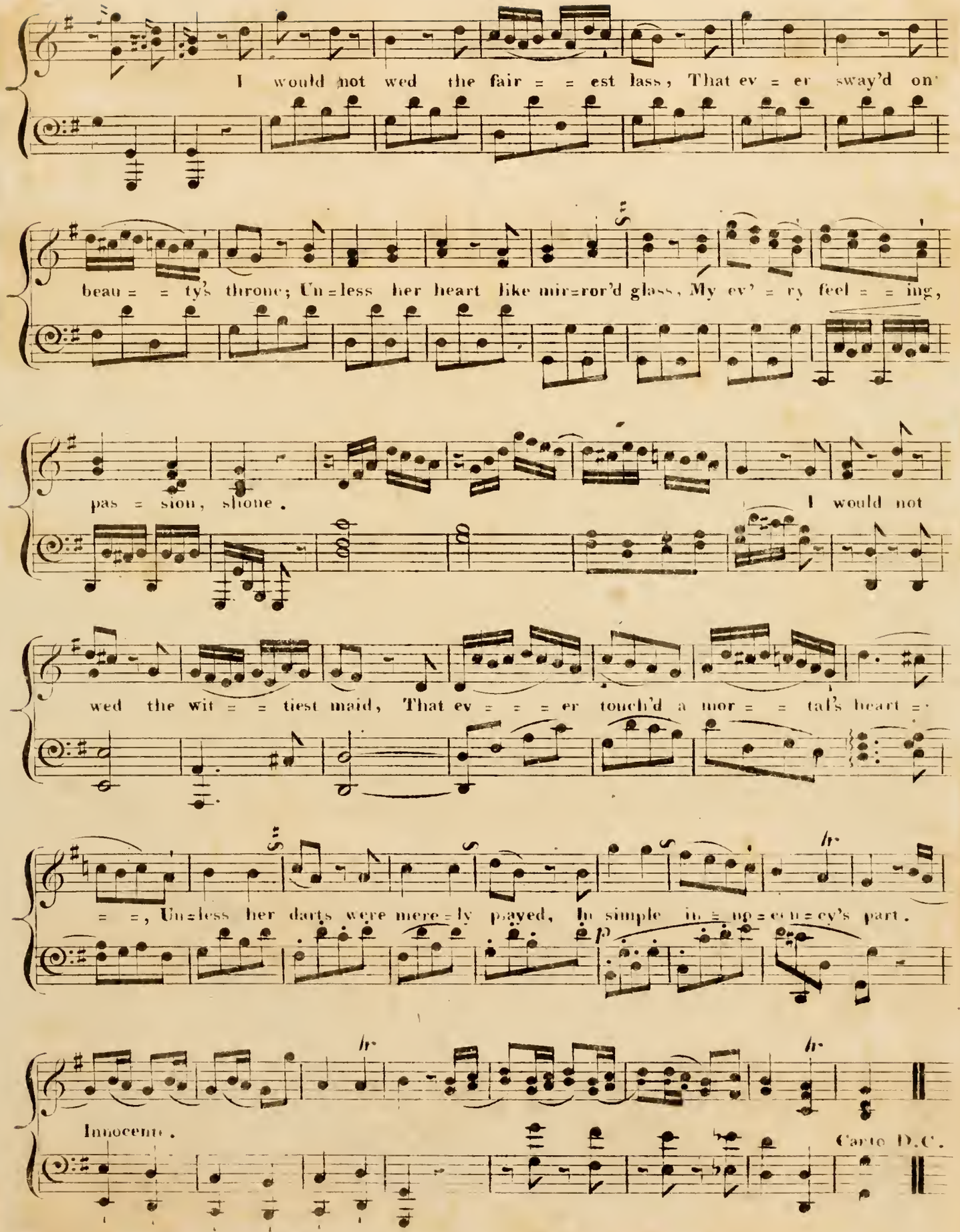
3

Venez ici !
Venez ici !
Venez ici ! O my fond heart
Beats but for thine, for only thine !
Let them, then, throb no more apart —
O come, my Love, be only mine !
Venez ici !

The Musical Bachelor.

The same Air differently arranged, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, may be found in "The Dawning of Music." The Poetry is politely furnished by J. R. Black Esq. of Shelbyville, Ky.




I would not wed the fair = = est lass, That ev = er sway'd on'
beau = = ty's throne; Un = less her heart like mir = ror'd glass, My ev' = ry feel = = ing,
pas = sion, shone.
I would not
wed the wit = = tiest maid, That ev = = = er touch'd a mor = = tal's heart =
= =, Un = less her darts were mere = ly played, In simple in = no = cen = cy's part.
Innocent.
Carlo D.C.

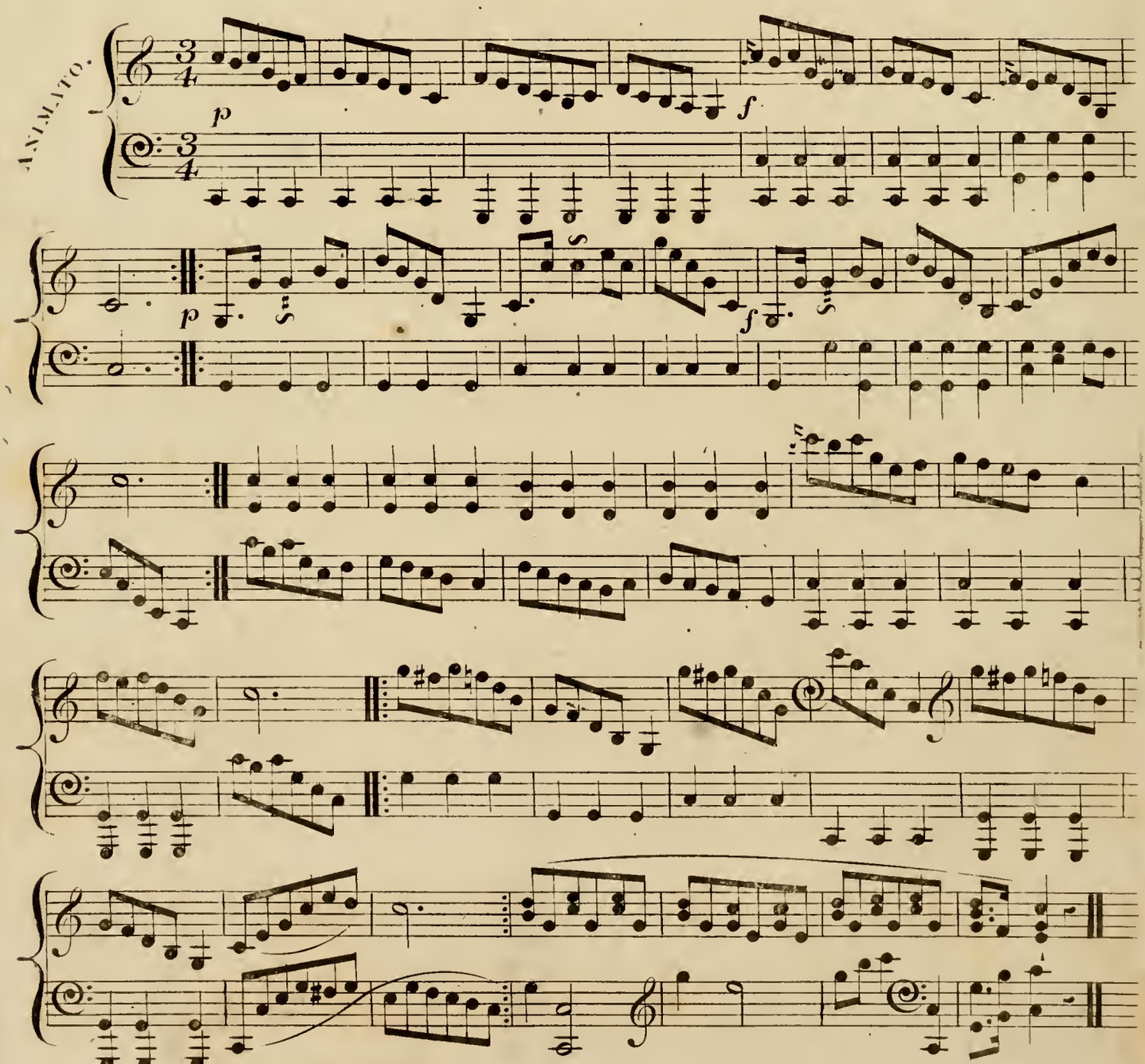
3

I would not wed the purest soul,
That ever feeling governed most;
Unless her heart would bear control,
And of its goodness never boast.

4

I would not wed a lady else her own.
A Queen, devoid of music's taste;
With her, my heart would be alone,
Her palace seem a dreary waste.

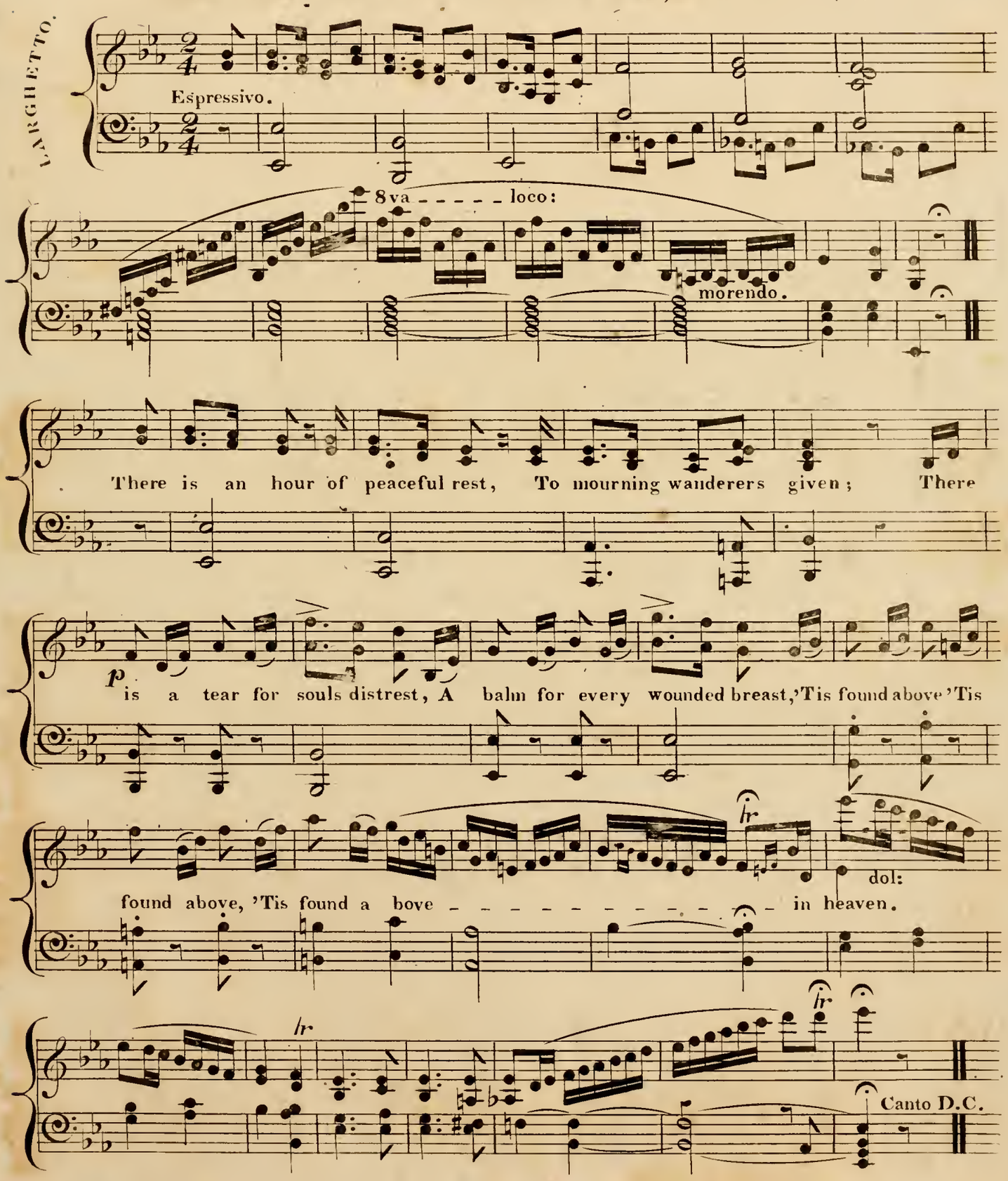
Cradle of Austria *



* A rustic Waltz.

There is an hour of peaceful rest.

FROM "NEW ENGLAND AND OTHER POEMS," BY W. B. TAPPAN.



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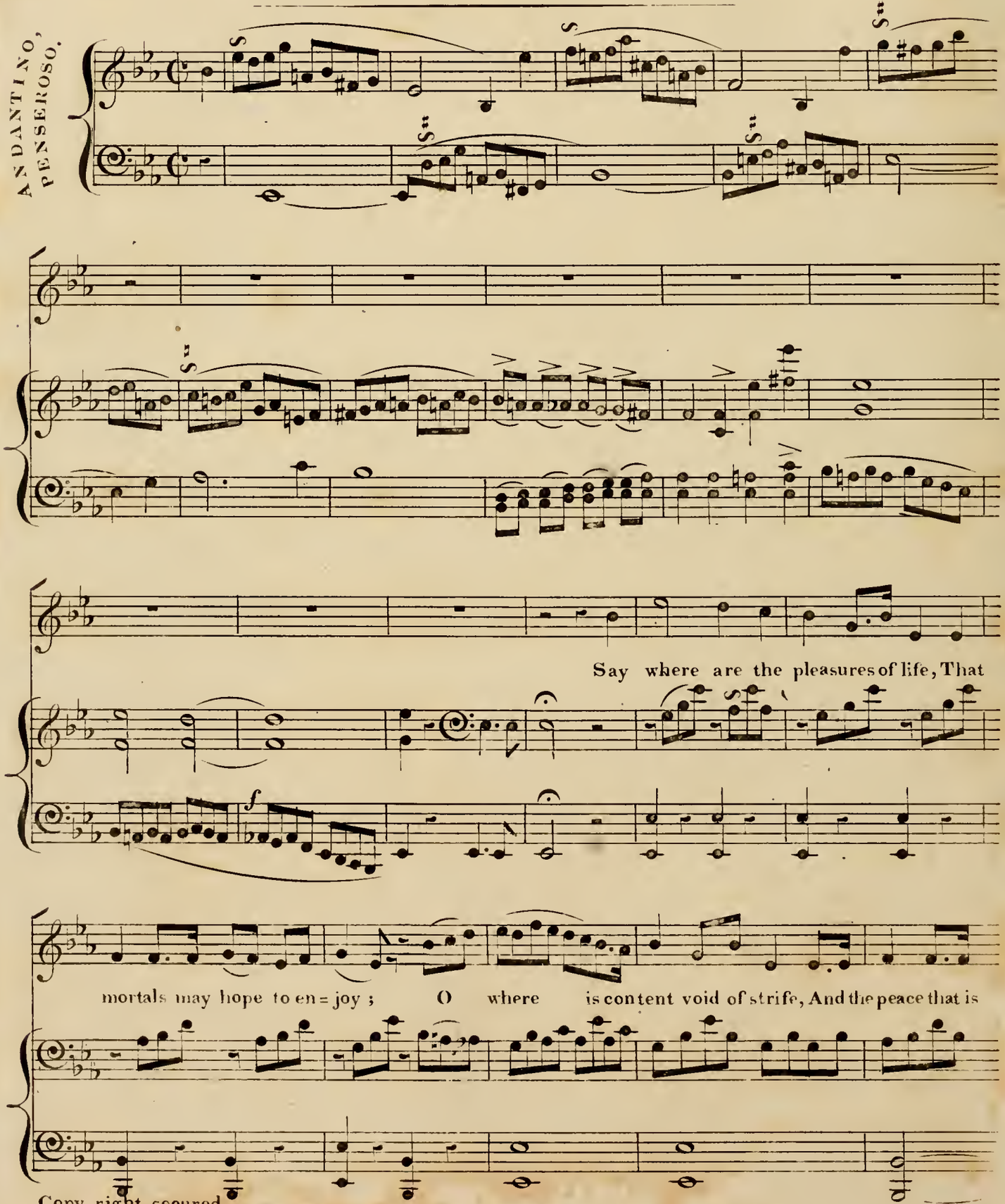
MUSIC SELLERS, 11. SOUTH FOURTH STREET.

Where are the pleasures of Life

WRITTEN BY G. DUTTON.



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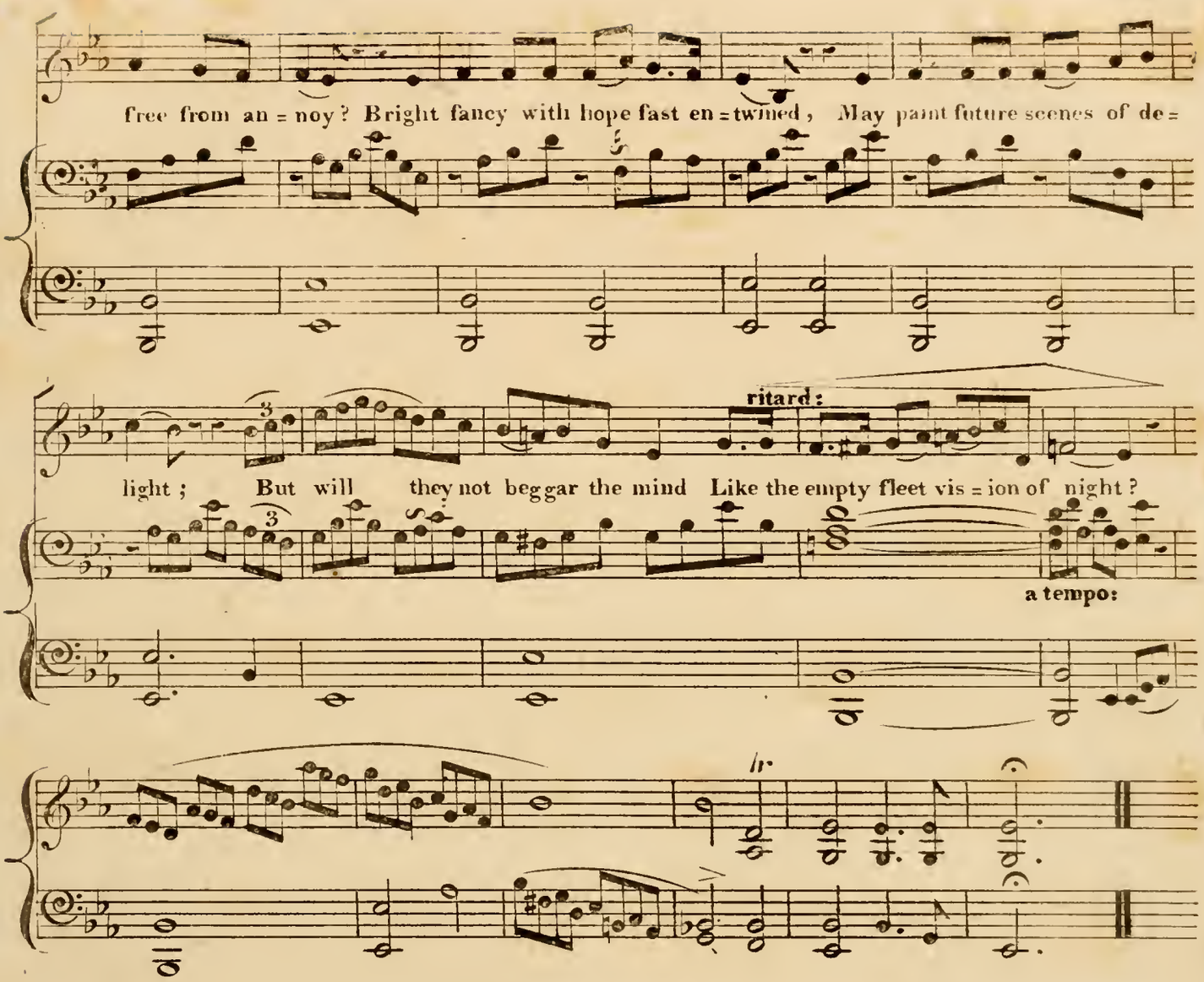


3

Gay riches, which all would possess,
May dazzle and charm for a while;
But when racked with pain will they bless—
On the face of disease light a smile?

4

Blest Hygeia, that joy giving power,
May tend oft from trouble to save;
But will it from death beds insure,
Or exempt mortal man from the grave?

5

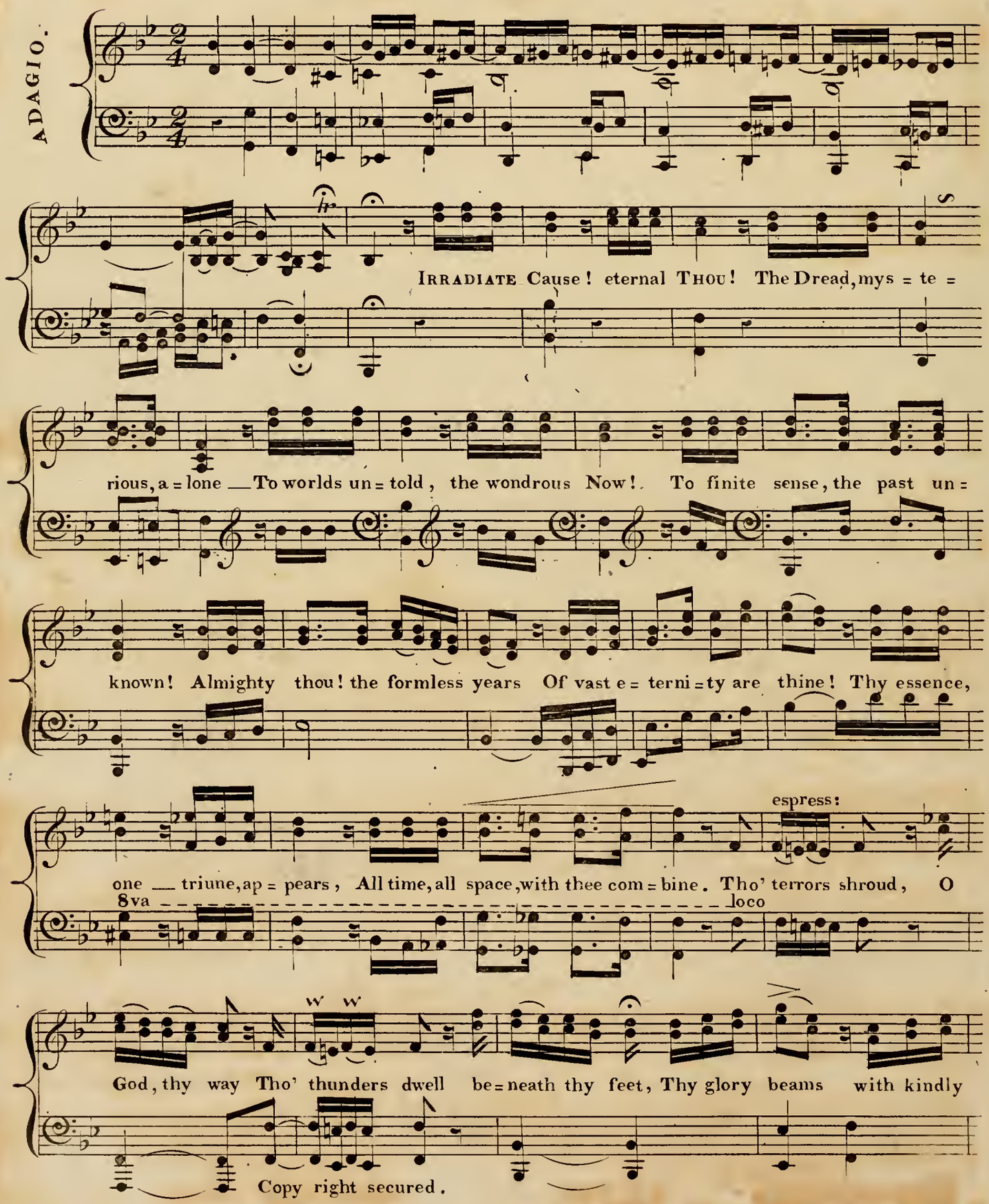
Kind Friendship a care soothing balm,
May assuage with its tender of love;
But the terrors of death will it calm?
Ah no! nought but peace from above.

6

Then where are the pleasures of life,
That mortals may hope to enjoy;
O where is content void of strife,
And the peace that is free from annoy?

Irradiate Cause!

FROM "SONGS OF JUDAH" BY W. B. TAPPAN.



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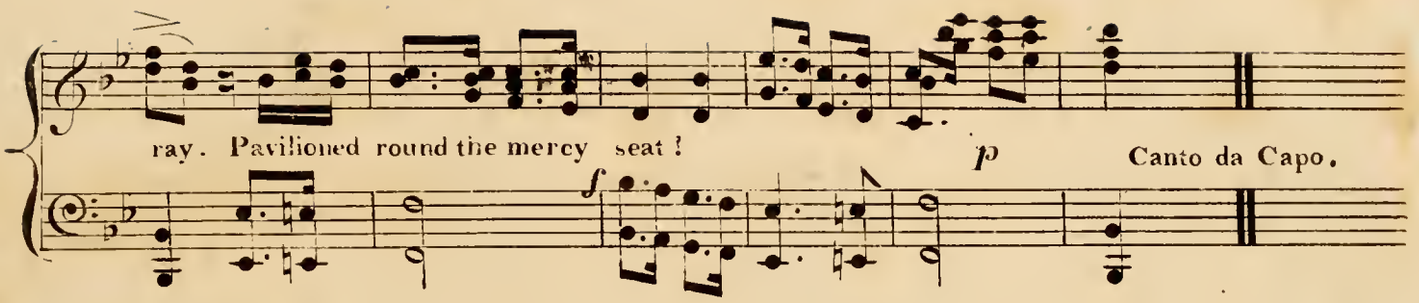


4

Thee we adore! but mortal praise,
How faint compared with Gabriel's song;
With thee how weak our noblest lays,
Thou Dread, to whom all Powers belong.

5

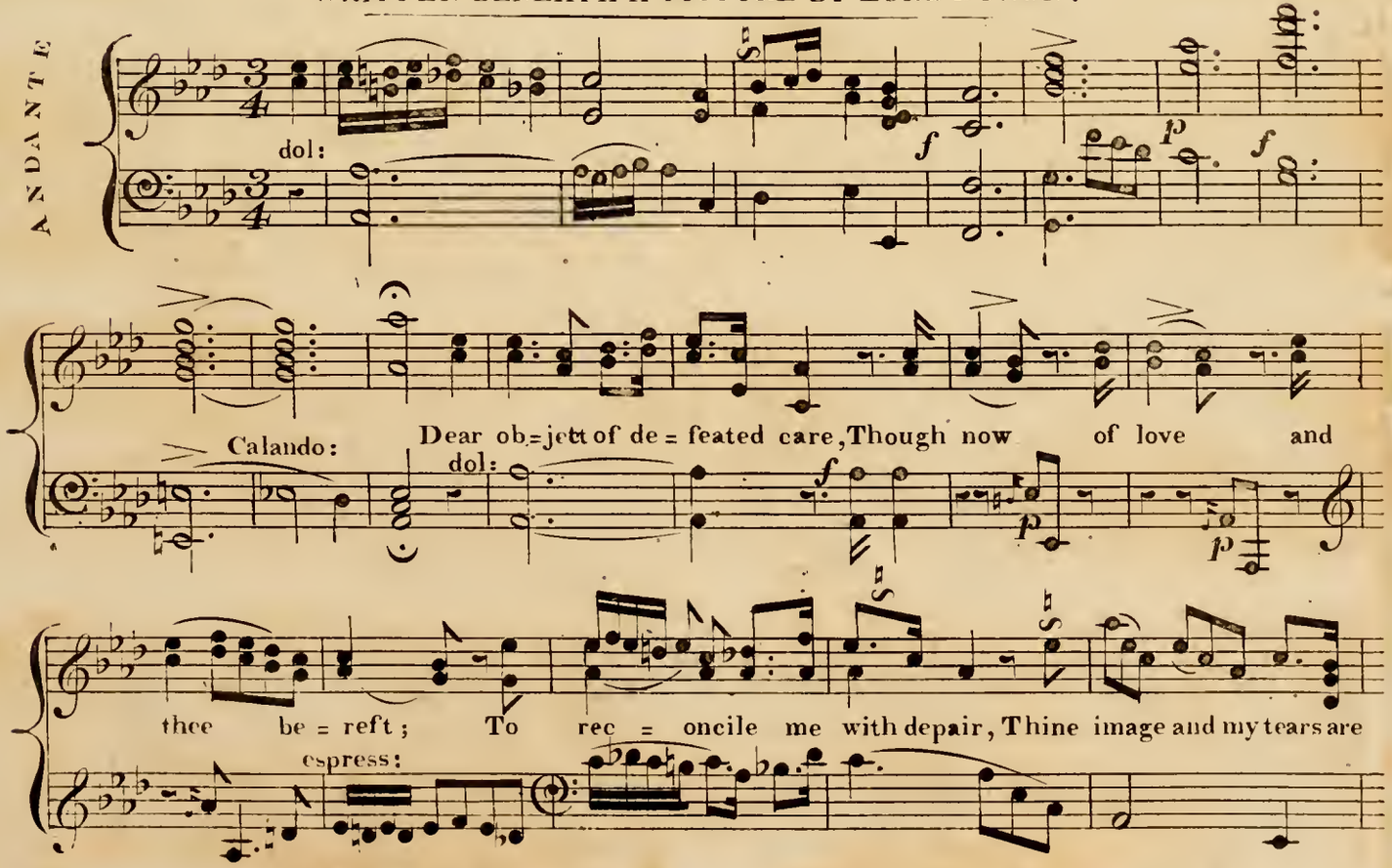
Help us, O Thou! 'tis thou alone
Canst touch our lips with living fire;
Though frail, we would approach thy throne;
Though dust, attempt an angel's lyre.

6

Accept our incense, and control
Each power, each wish, O God, to thee!
Receive the broken, contrite soul,
The offering dear to Deity!

Image of my Tears.

WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE BY LORD BYRON.



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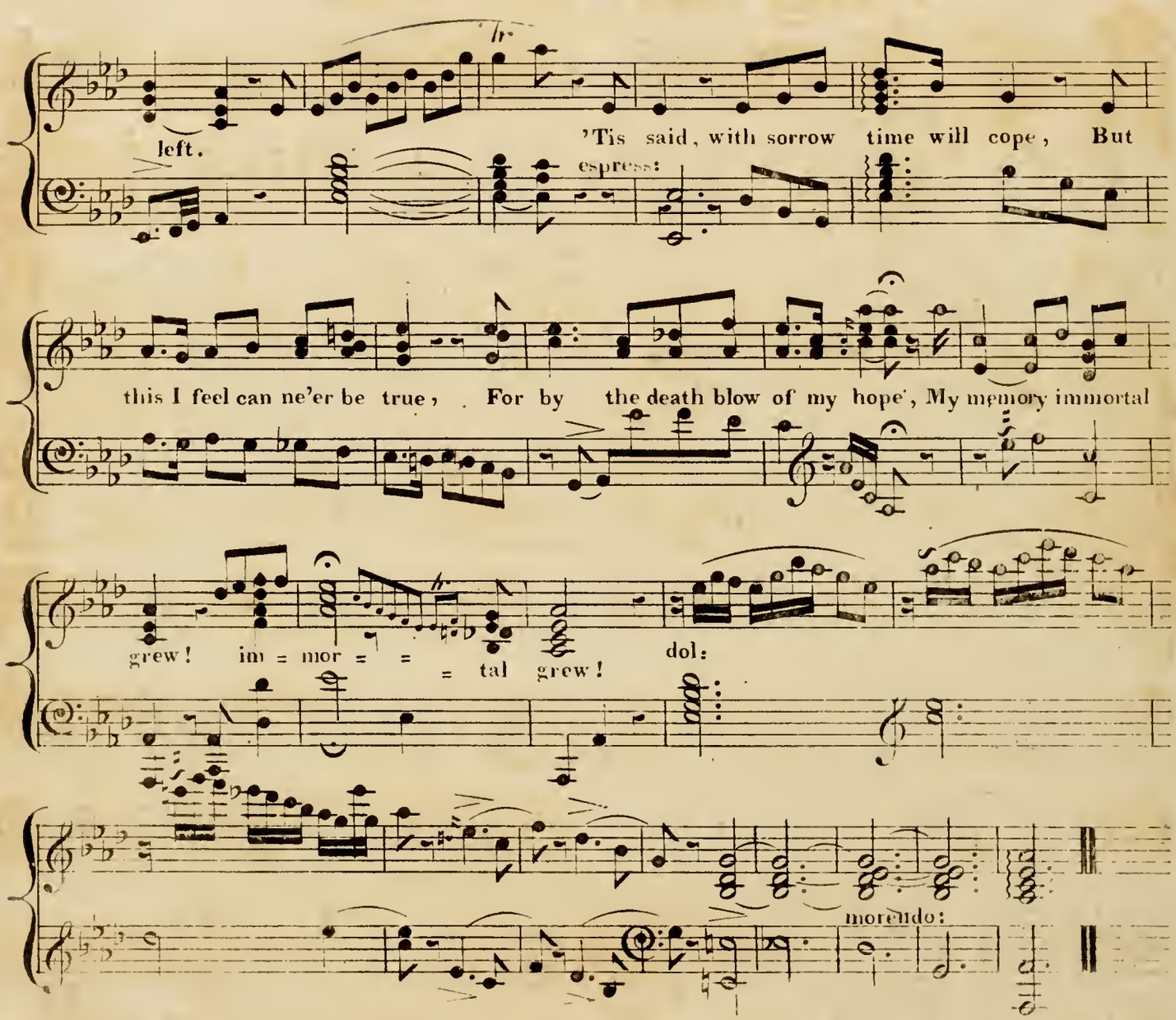
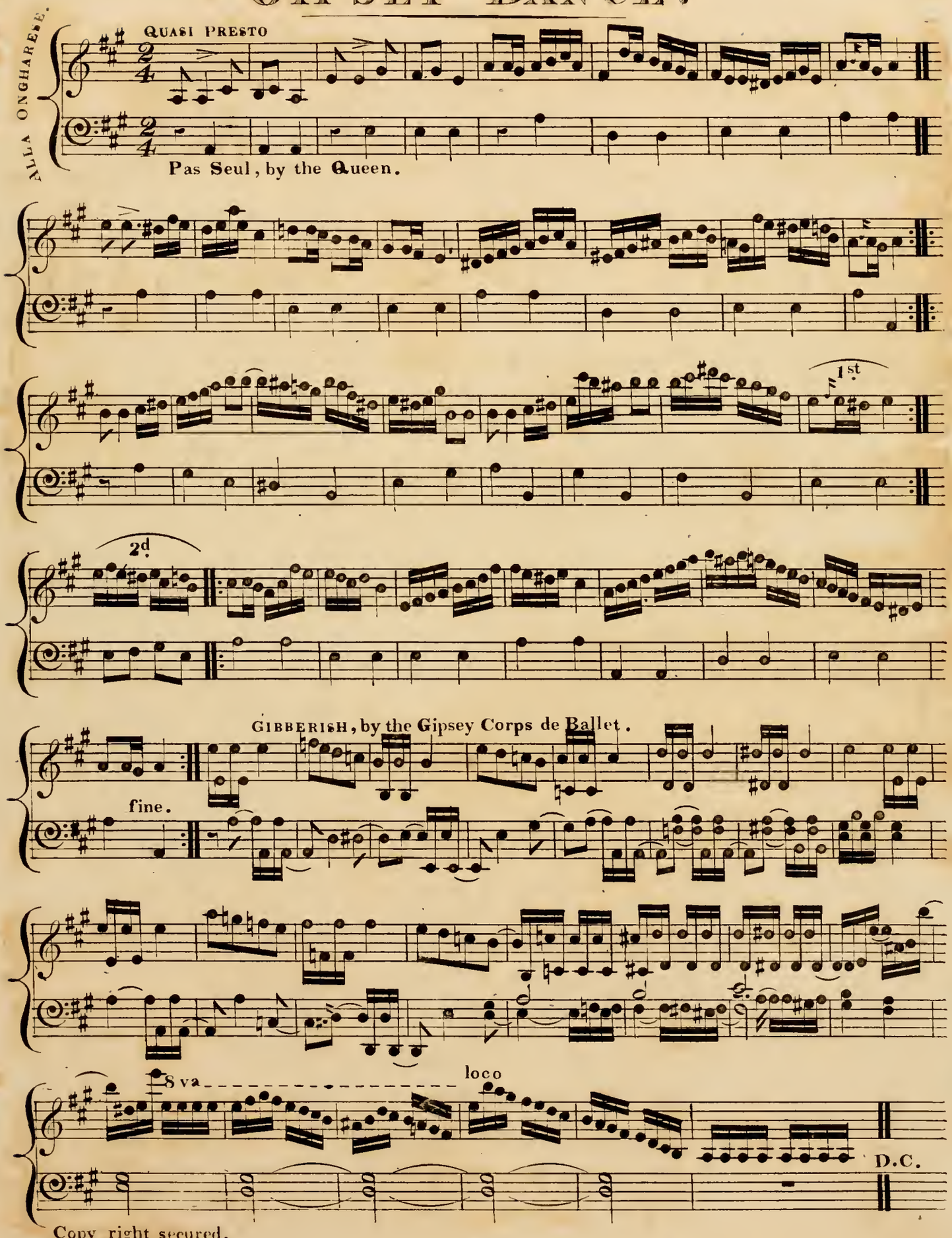


2. Verse.

WRITTEN BY H.C.LEWIS.

From Heaven, in sublimest peace,
Look down, dear shade, on earthly woe,
Where sad regret can never cease
To bid my tears incessant flow:
Dear saint, look down with pitying eyes,
O! look into my heart and see,
Where, borne upon its deepest sighs,
Each anxious thought returns to thee.

GIPSEY DANCE.



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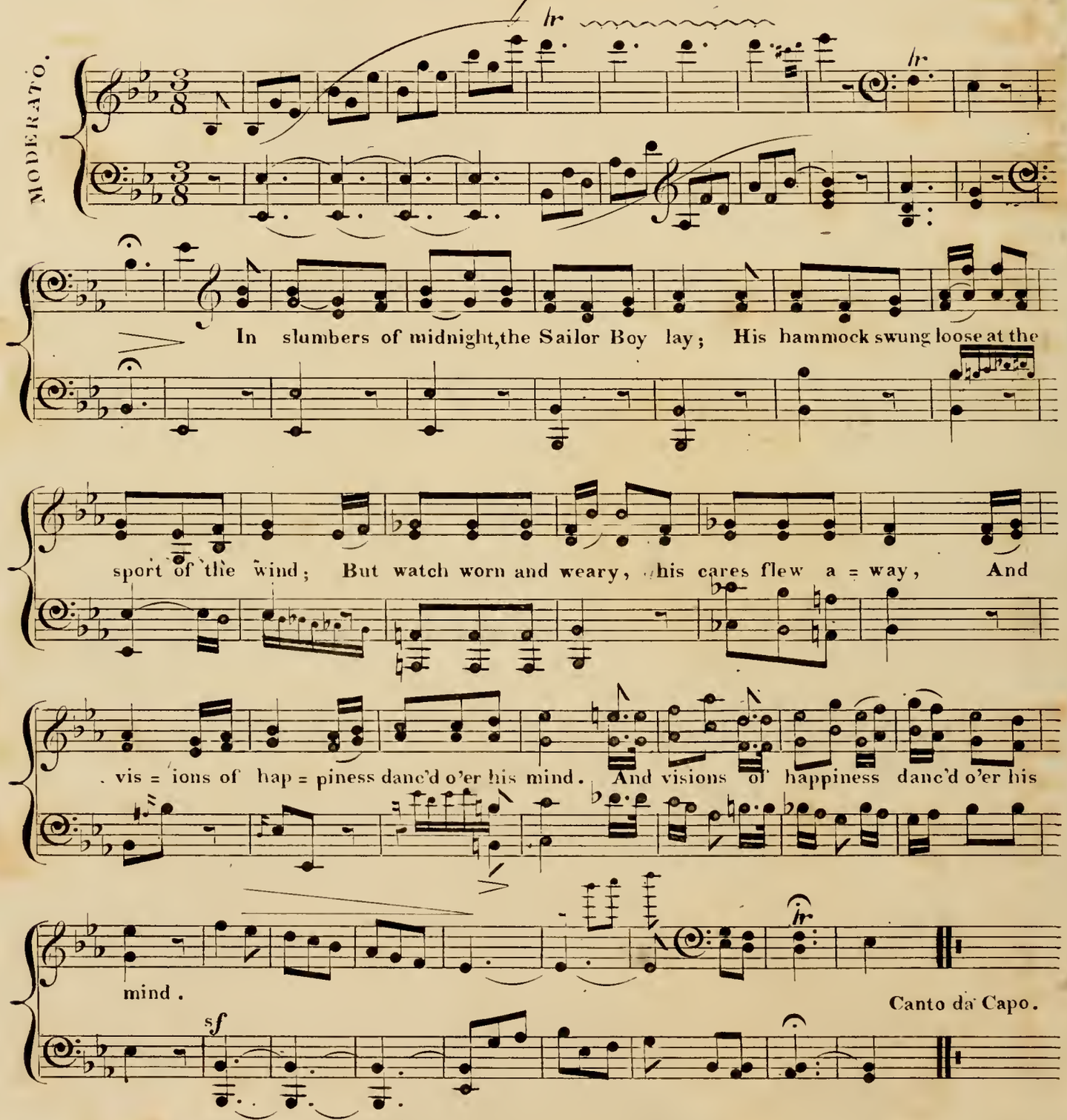
MUSIC SELLERS, 11. SOUTH FOURTH STREET.

Sailor Boy's Dream.



WRITTEN BY DR. DIAMOND.

2

He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasure that waited on life's merry morn;
While Memory stood sideway, half covered with (flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

3

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in exstacy rise,
Where far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

4

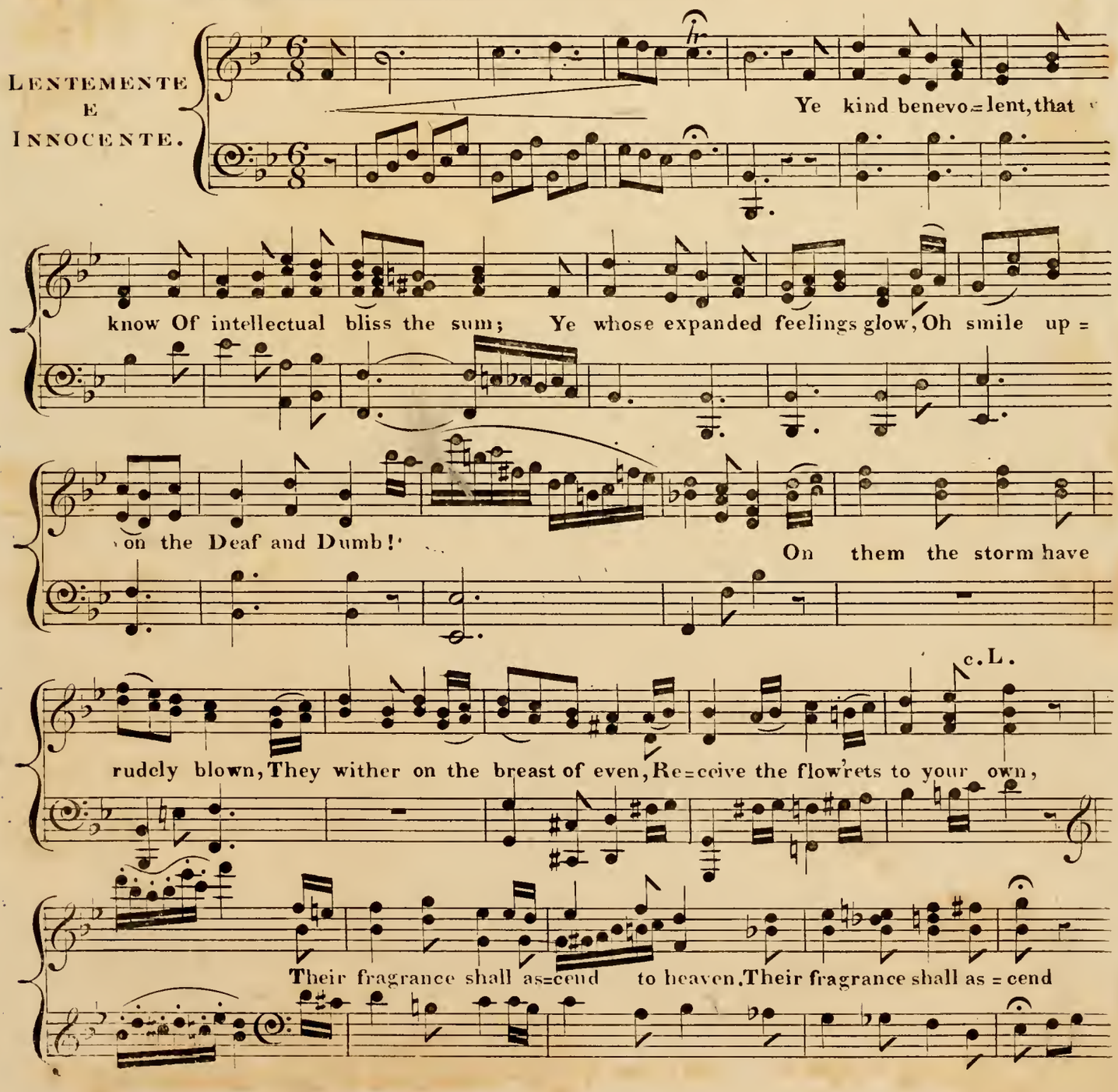
A Father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
His cheeks are impearled with a mother's warm tear,
And the lips of the boy in a love kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

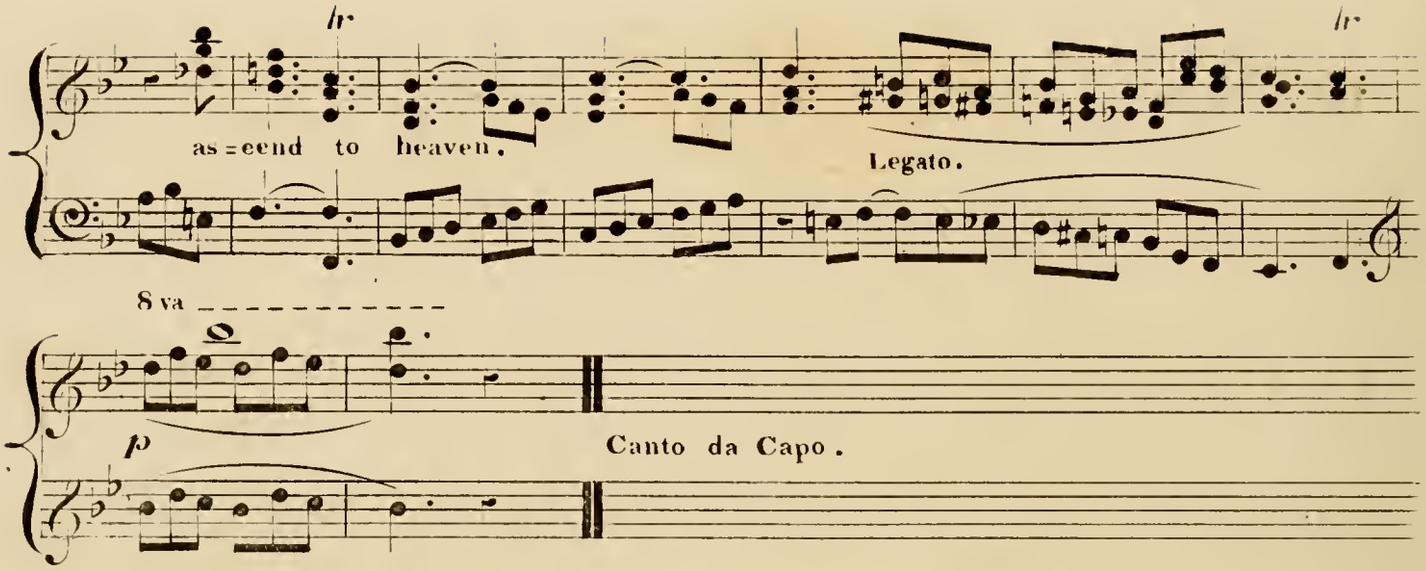
5

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse — all hardships seem o'er,
A thrill of bright exstacy steals o'er his rest,
"O God! thou hast blessed me — I ask for no more."

Smile upon the Deaf & Dumb.

FROM "SONGS OF JUDAH" BY W. B. TAPPAN.





3

Oh let these too, in knowledge share,
From the waste mind let darkness flee,
Bid the bright day-beam kindle there,
The lamp to immortality!

4

Though soothing blandishment ne'er cheers
Their solitude, nor utterance kind,
Yet mutual sympathy is their's,
The language of the kindred mind.

5

And this shall bless you — and the tear,
Nature's pure accent — shall reveal
Emotions undefined — yet dear,
The tribute which the heart can feel.

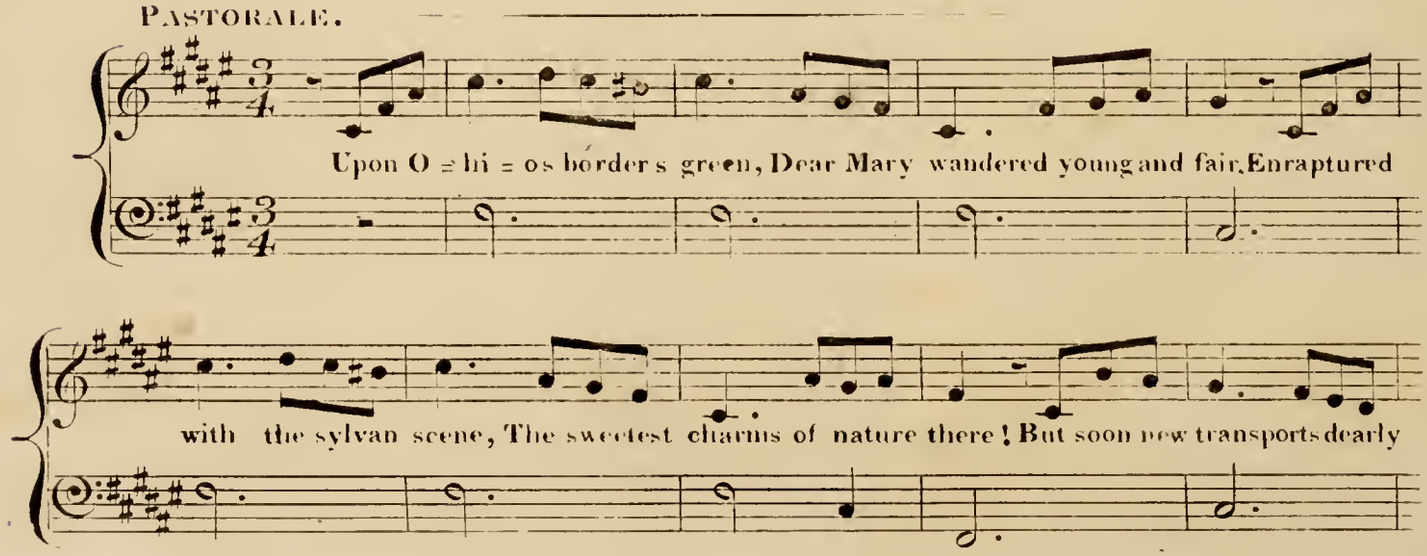
6

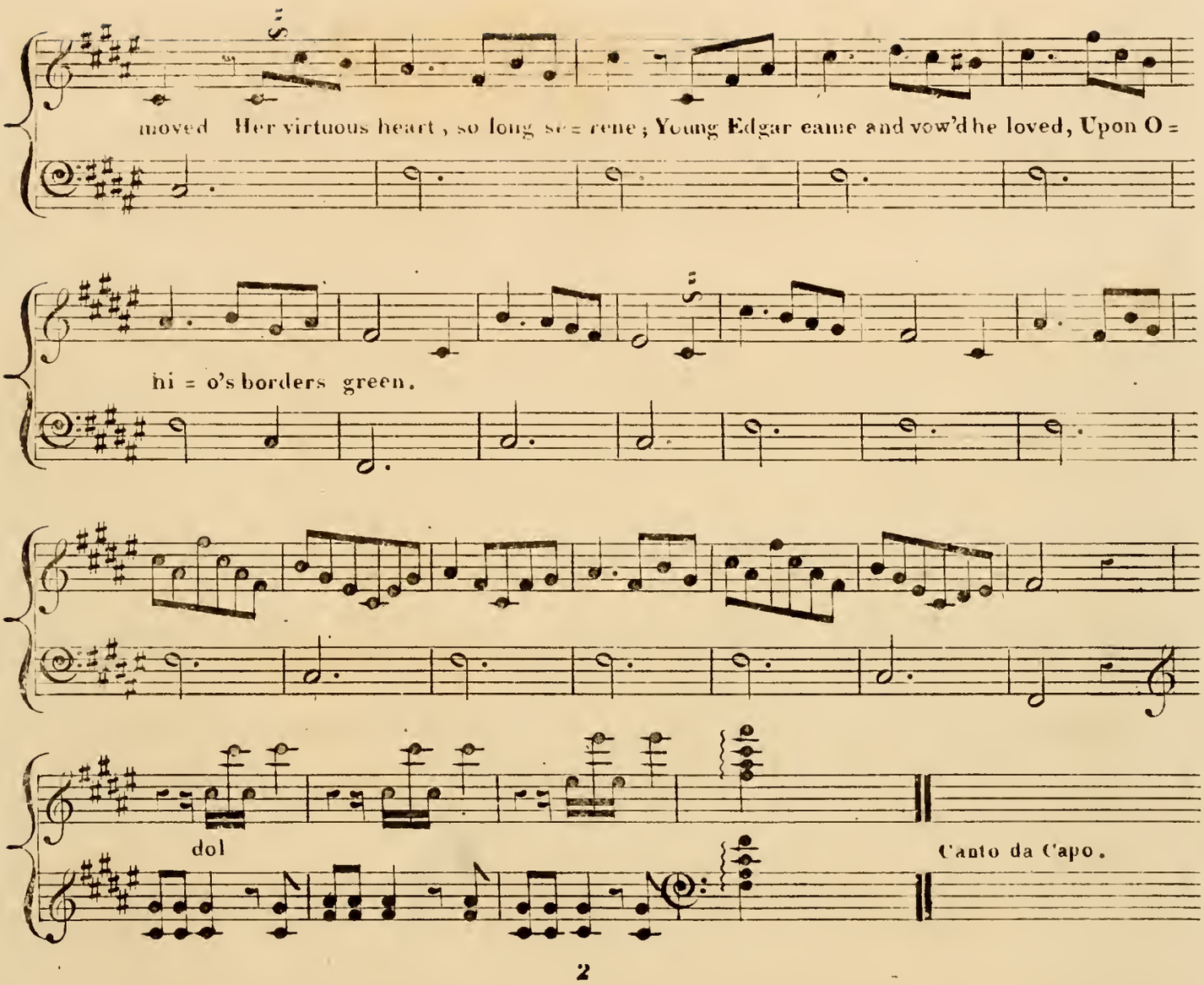
Yes! and the bosom whispered prayer
Of innocence shall rise, while some
Winged messenger, to God, shall bear
The offering of the Deaf and Dumb!

Love in Vain.

WRITTEN BY H. C. LEWIS.

PASTORALE.





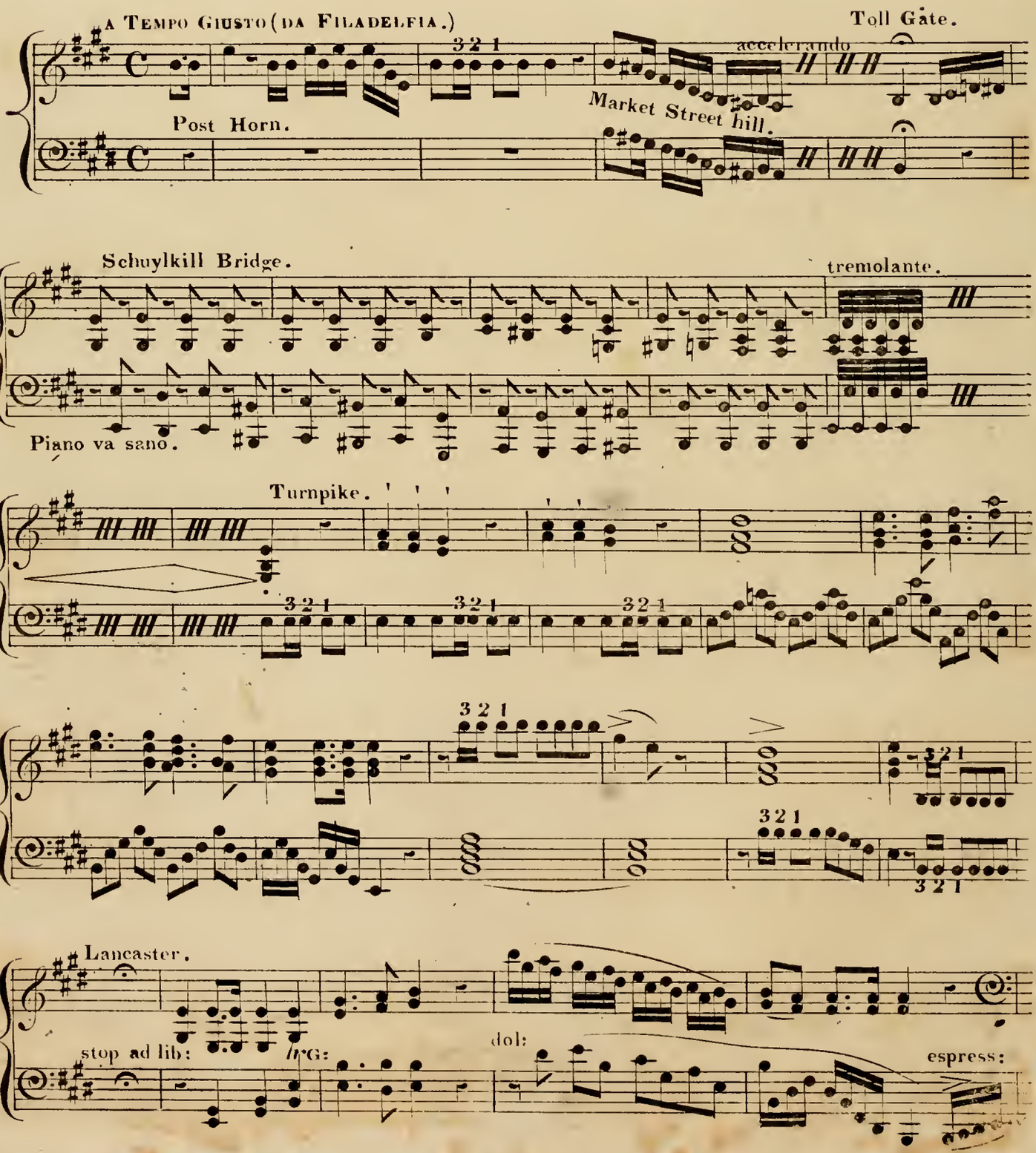
2

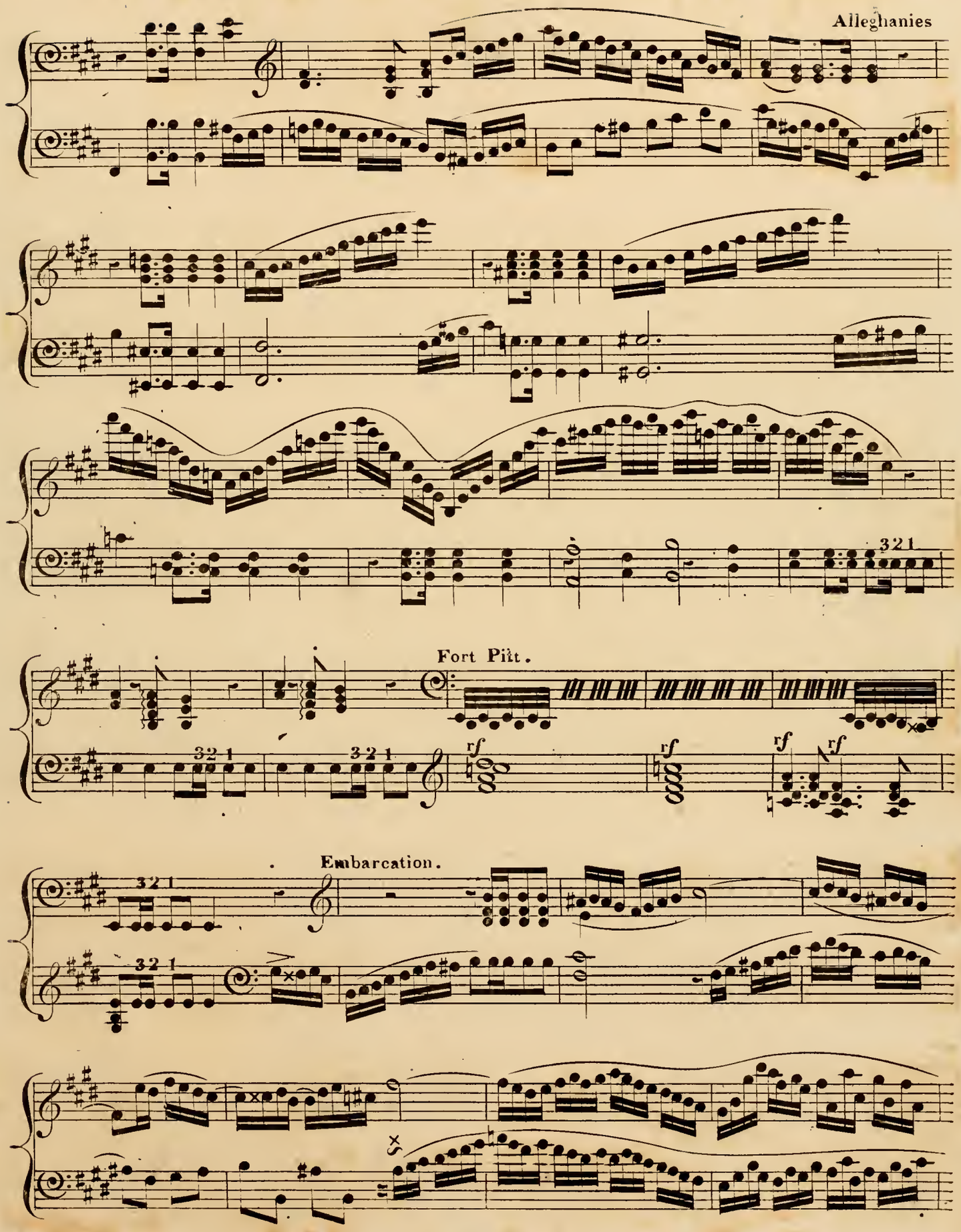
The Maiden's cheeks were crimsoned o'er,
As Edgar breathed his vows of love;
While sighs and blushes told him more,
Than language e'er attempts to prove.
They pledged their faith forever there,
And blessed the hallowed spot serene;
And now they rove the happiest pair,
Upon Ohio's borders green.

THE MINSTREL'S MARCH,

OR

Road to Kentucky.




Alleghanies
3 2 1
Fort Pitt.
3 2 1
3 2 1
rf
rf
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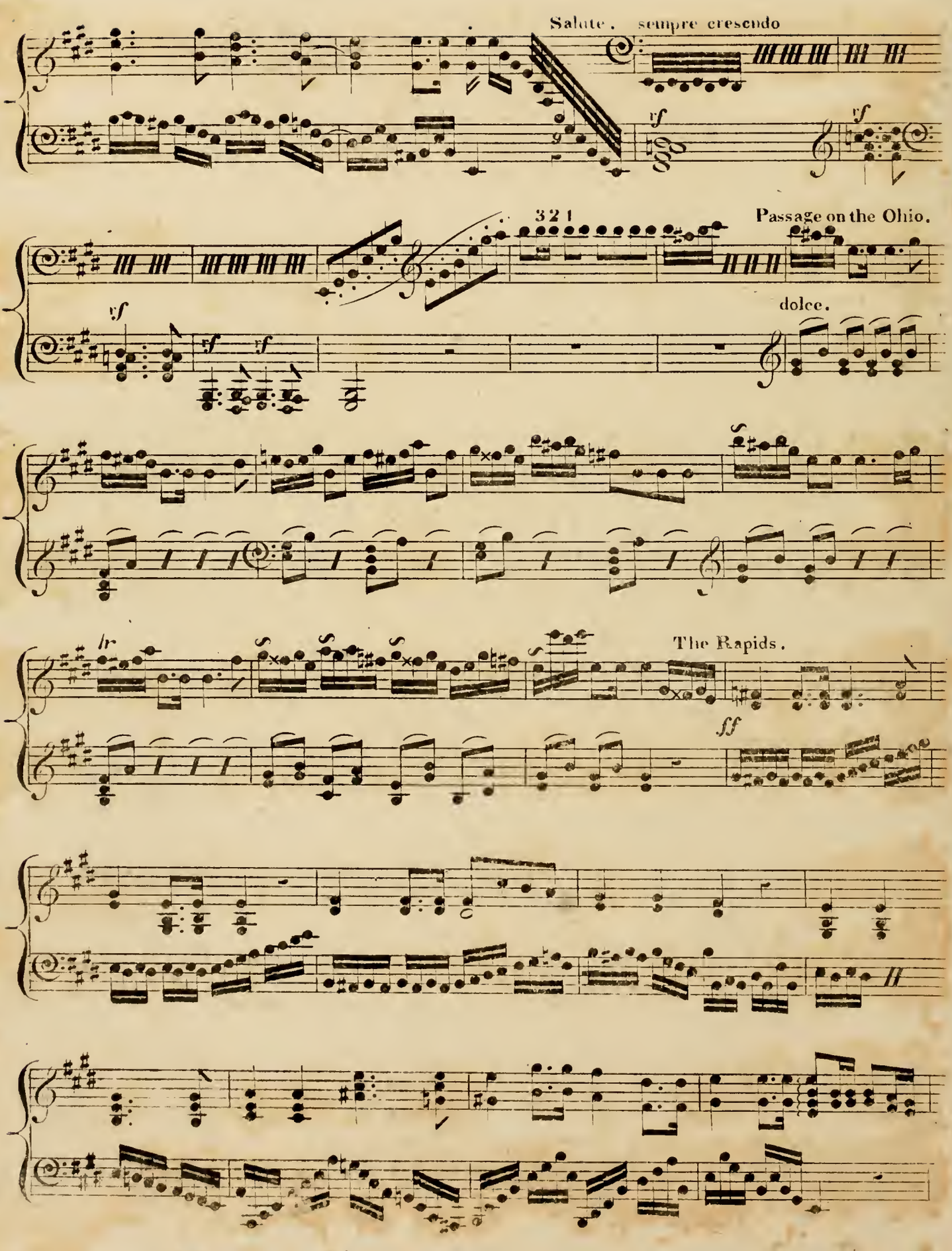
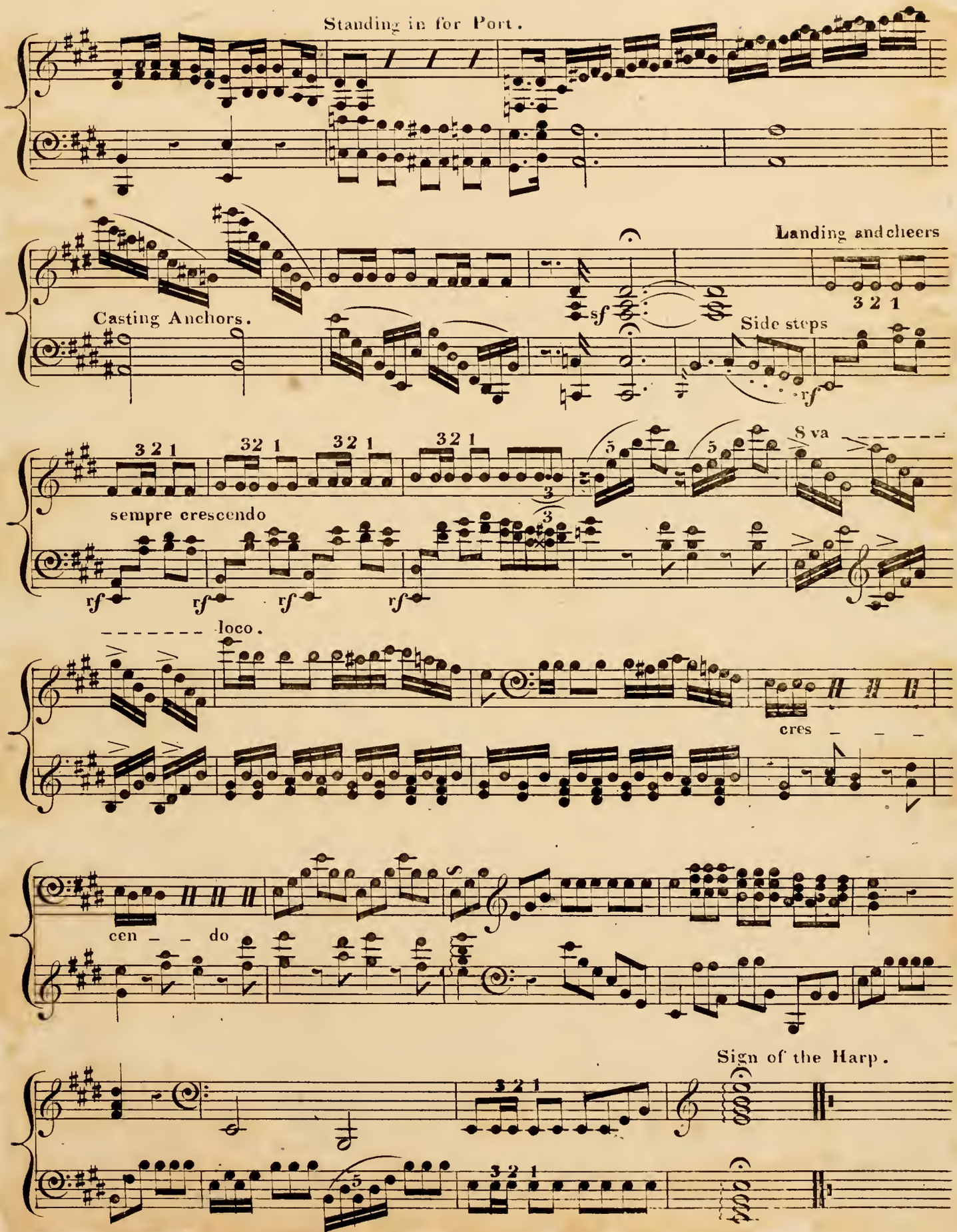
Embarcation.
3 2 1
3 2 1


Salute. sempre crescendo
Passage on the Ohio.
dolce.
The Rapids.


Standing in for Port.
Landing and cheers
Casting Anchors.
Side steps
sempre crescendo
8va
loco.
cres
cen – do
Sign of the Harp.

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